

Sports Illustrated

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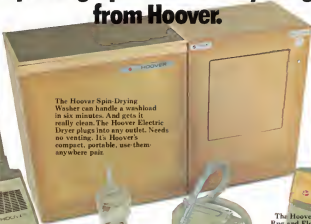
**COLLEGE
BASKETBALL**

**THE TOP
20**


**OHIO U. FRESHMAN
WALTER LUCHETT**



The "Thanks-for-cooking-cleaning-and-putting-up-with-me-all-year" gifts, from Hoover.




The Hoover Spin-Drying Washer can handle a washload in six minutes. And gets it really clean. The Hoover Electric Dryer plugs into any outlet. Needs no venting. It's Hoover's compact, portable, use-them-anywhere pair.




There's no pushing or pulling with the self-propelled Hoover Dine-A-Matic vacuum cleaner with Power Drive. Just a touch on the handle and it goes. Upright carpet cleaner and powerful canister cleaner in one.



This Hoover Solid State Blender has a built-in spatula. Automatic timer. And automatic button for split-second blending control.




The top broils. The middle fries. The bottom warms. This new Hoover Fry Pan does everything from the breakfast eggs to the dinner steak.



A fondue pot on top. A handy little fry pan underneath. The Hoover Fondue Set. Twin value, single price.



Hoover Swingette. Just nine pounds. Twenty eight feet of reach. All the power of a full-size canister.



The Hoover Floor-a-matic Rug and Floor Conditioner. Power scrubs floors. Then vacuums up the water. Waxes, polishes, damp mops. Shampoos carpets, too.



Portable beauty shop in a hotbox. The Hoover Portable Hair Dryer with Power Massage and Power Manicure.

Hoover. 
Helping her has made us
a household word.

THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(A distinctive mark of good taste)



The Car:
a 1931 Chrysler CG
Sports Roadster
with L-head engine,
4-speed transmission
and custom body
by LeBaron.



The Whiskey:
the elegant straight-8
bourbon by Hiram
Walker himself.
Aged 8 years
in the oak. A
distinctive mark
of good taste.

WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



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**This new
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beats...
Norelco,
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for closeness!**

*Shaves so close,
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And because the head is soft, it feels comfortable and easy on your face.

Prove it to yourself.

Buy the new Schick Flexamatic today. And take advantage of the 14 day home trial offered at participating dealers.

new Flexamatic by SCHICK

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Next week

THE BIGGEST MYSTERY in professional football is whether any team in the NFC West can possibly win the division. Ron Reid reports on the case of the reluctant contenders.

THE DRIVING LOVE of Zora Arkus-Duntov's life has been a motorcar. Coles Pinsky details the hard-core career of the colorful character behind the Chevrolet Corvette.

PHILADELPHIA is a bad joke, or so people would have you believe. With a history of laughable teams, it considers its losers too-ful. An affectionate profile of a city.

Why don't you get into
something comfortable?



Ask any Joe who owns one—there's nothing like the top-to-toe comfort of your own La-Z-Lounger. Lean-back recline operates in response to your own body action. And the built-in legrest is a totally independent mechanism. Yet, for all its talents, La-Z-Lounger has a winning style—teamed with your choice of America's favorite fabrics. If you're not playing, you should be watching—from your La-Z-Lounger.

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Introducing the Sony 8-track cartridge recorder with three playmates.



It's a cartridge stereo recorder with a built-in stereo player.

A built-in 4-speed automatic record changer.

And a built-in FM stereo FM-AM tuner. (Very selective. Very sensitive.)

It's one of the few cartridge recorder stereo systems with fast forward and pause buttons. (And it's the only one with Sony quality.)

Now you can tape "Turn, Turn, Turn" directly from the turntable.

Or tape top tunes right from the tuner.

Or record your favorite monotone with our optional stereo microphone.

To play back, all you have to do is switch on

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The cartridges play up to 15 hours and then they stop automatically. (Just to make you're busy doing something else.)

With all these features the HP-238 is compact. (It fills a room with music instead of equipment.)

Try the HP-238 and its friends on your friends.



SONY Ask anyone.

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We gave this right arm to an accident victim named Ray Rival. And it works.

Ray can literally control this arm with his brain. He can lift things up, put things down, run construction equipment, go fishing.

It took six years to develop this device—the

first of its kind for above-elbow amputees. We were working with Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Massachusetts General Hospital.

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make life a little better. For people like Ray Rival. For people like you.

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MUTUAL**



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Our game plan is to avoid sudden death.



Everybody in the Coast Guard knows this. They realize that if they foul up, they let the whole team down.

But it doesn't seem to happen. Because year after year, even when the going gets toughest, we still manage to get the job done.

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That is if you'd like to be part of a team that doesn't gamble on sudden death.

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Our stakes involve human lives. So there's no talk about "next year", if we fail in the middle of a disaster.

We train until we are physically and mentally fit for the time when we have to go aboard a burning ship, or into a raging storm, to bring somebody back alive.

And we always work as a team. A small team. But with enormous responsibilities.

Which we meet by giving every man an individual job. And counting on him in the clutch.

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U.S. Coast Guard
Washington, D.C. 20590

I'd like to know more about your team. (And the postcard is missing.)
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Converse has been a big part of basketball since they nailed a peach basket up on the side of Dr. Naismith's barn and threw a soccer ball at it.



We've made the outstanding basketball shoe since there was basketball.

And we've made it so well that last year eight out of ten players in every major college and junior college tournament wore Converse All Stars.

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We've been a part of the biggest winners, and the biggest losers.

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If we know enough about basketball to put together a year book like

this year after year, it may be safe to assume that we care enough about the game to continue to make a basketball shoe worthy of it.

The basketball bible.

Anybody can tell you who was the leading scorer for the national champions. But who else can tell



Piedmont College wearing Converse All Stars.[®] is in the Converse Basketball Yearbook.

you who was the leading scorer for the worst team in the country?

Anybody can tell you who made NCAA All American. But we also have College Division NCAA, All NAIA, All NJCAA, All Canada, All Belgium, All Switzerland, All Iceland, All England, All Spain, All Russia. All of a lot of things.

There's a run-down on just about every major college team in the

country. Also the pros, high school champs, girls, juniors and more. Not just won and lost records, but everything from key players, to attendance, to how many miles these teams traveled last year, to the funnest things that happened during the season, to school, league and national records.

Tournament results, statistics, winning play diagrams. Everything that was basketball '72

The basketball offer.

If you love basketball the way we do at Converse, you'll want our 1972 Converse Yearbook. All you have to do is send \$1 to Converse, Box 2, Malden, Mass. 02148. We'll send your Yearbook as long as the supply lasts. Of course, if you play the game, you'll also want our Converse All Stars. Then all you have to do is see your Sporting Goods Dealer. He has all the styles and colors.



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New Caprice. The most distinguished Chevrolet of all.

The new Caprice is the finest Chevrolet we make. The most comfortable, the most elegant. The finest.

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Caprice Coupe at Good Harbor Beach near Gloucester, Massachusetts.



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The Olympia Deluxe 10 • 10 Speeds • 27" wheels

You're in for a pleasant surprise when you get out on a Huffy bike.

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Every day, we answer the bell in thousands of classrooms throughout the land. Great Northern Nekoosa. Mass producer of paper for single-study educational materials, for hard- and soft-cover books. Molder of more growing minds than any teacher in the country.

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More than any other producer, our commitment is to the printed word.

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**Every day millions
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Adam. The brown cigarette. Getting back to natural taste.

Brown makes the difference.
The special brown wrapper actually
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Adam. It's a good taste to get back to.

KING and
EXTRA
LONG



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King 20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. "nic."

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Serious surfers know how Surform tools can shape and curve a board.

Makes clean, easy work of smoothing patches on a fiberglass hull.



Time was, Surform tools were found mainly in workshops. Do-it-yourselfers swear by them for planing, shaving, trimming, smoothing and such. They say Surform tools work easier. Quicker. And they like the way shavings pass right through the Surform blade — don't clog up like planes or files do. But now the sports nuts have caught on.

Find a sports nut, you'll find a Stanley Surform® tool.



Pro hockey players got the idea that a few swipes with a Surform tool can re-shape the bottom of a stick. Give it a better lie.



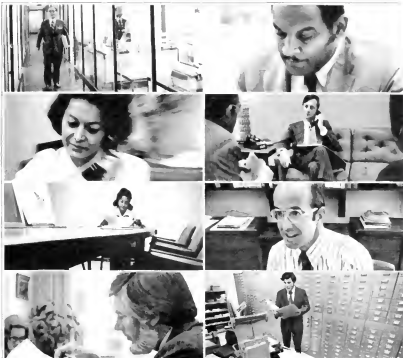
Car buffs took a tip from autobody shops. Now they do their own customizing with a Surform tool and plastic filler.

So what are you waiting for? You'll find a half-dozen different kinds of Surform tools at most good tool departments. (Pronounce it "sir-form" when you ask for one.) Try it for fixing up sports gear — or doing repairs around the house. You'll find there's nothing, but nothing, like a Surform tool. Or any tool or hardware item that has the Stanley name on it.

STANLEY
helps you do things right



Repairs skis? Sure — wood, fiberglass or metal. Apply filler to the gouges in the bottom and smooth it clean.



The people we hire are different in a lot of ways. But the same in one.

Ours is a unique company. So the people we want working with us must be unusual, too.

And we don't care about their skin color. Or about their religion. Or what country they or their parents were born in. Or how old they are. Or whether they're men or women.

But there's one thing that must be common to them all. Each must be the best there is for the available job, with the desire and drive always to handle each assignment or project right the first time, every time.

Room at the top

Our company is constantly growing. That means we always have room for experienced

executives who can be placed at the upper levels.

For the same reason, we always need people for middle management jobs. We want them to make waves, to be innovative. And move ahead.

Our kind of business

Ten years ago, our sales and revenues totaled \$1.09 billion. In 1973, they were \$7.35 billion.

We have plants or facilities in 93 countries and sales outlets in 37 others. And we're in a wide variety of businesses—from telecommunications and food processing to hotels, community development and publishing.

A future with us

It's a highly competitive, demand-

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If you come with us, you'll have a future with far more than ordinary promise.

But you'll have to be the best there is for the job—and realize that you're constantly going to perform much better than you think you can now.

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Be a winter sport. Give one of the world's great tastes.

Old Forester offers you three great ways to give.

Your friends will appreciate the new lightweight $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon. It weighs two pounds less and is easier to lift, handle, and pour.

Never before a gift like this, the unique

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Usher's Green Stripe. The Holiday original since 1853. Now also available in a very original gallon barrel. Ask your favorite retailer to show you. And give something original.

Usher's Green Stripe. The 1853 Original.

Product of Scotland





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When you flick off the light and flick on the Grand Prix 570 AF something extraordinary happens. Slides slip through with beautiful, smooth precision.

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Why haven't you gotten the message?

There were a lot of people ready for Vantage when we were ready with Vantage. And you wouldn't believe how quickly they began buying them up.

Apparently, many smokers were concerned about 'tar' and nicotine and wanted to smoke a cigarette that reduced 'tar' and nicotine without reducing flavor.

And that's the idea behind Vantage Filter. It gives you the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine. And it does that better than any other cigarette on the market.

With one exception. Vantage Menthol.

But the problem with Vantage Menthol is that a lot of smokers don't even know that there is a Vantage Menthol.

And there we failed.

In our effort to let smokers know about Vantage, we allowed our menthol to play second fiddle.

Vantage Menthol has the cool fresh taste all menthol smokers go for, and at the same time reduces 'tar' to 12 milligrams and nicotine to 0.9 milligrams.

Now we don't want to fool you. You will find a few menthol brands with lower numbers, but you won't find one that you'll enjoy smoking as much.

So, menthol smokers, if we've failed to let you know of our existence, here goes.

Vantage Menthol is here.

If you're ready for us, we're ready for you.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

Presenting Datsun 610.

Considering the luxury, its economy is all the more remarkable.

The new Datsun 610 is something altogether new... a luxury economy car. A Datsun original.

Whether you choose the new 2-Door Hardtop, the new 4-Door Sedan or the new 5-Door Wagon, you get more power, more room, more quiet, just plain more car than any economy car has a right to be. But it comes with a Datsun price tag. And the kind of design sophistication you've come to expect from Datsun.

There's a new 1800 overhead cam engine and new power-assist front disc brakes for the perfect per-

formance combination. The 4-Door Sedan and 2-Door Hardtop have a new independent rear suspension, too.

As for the luxury, well, you've really got to drive it to believe it. The luxury touches—whitewalls, fully reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, full carpeting and custom vinyl interior—are just a beginning.

It's the new Datsun 610 series. Sporting performance, luxury accommodations and an economy car price. You've got to drive one to believe it. Drive a Datsun... then decide.



Own a Datsun Original.

From Nissan with Pride

How to explain to your extra 10 bucks on



●● Get two of the fastest electric racing cars made: Tyco Pro. Just look at those extra-wide competition racing tires, and micro-brued "mag" wheels, and ... hrrm? What didn't you understand? ●●



●● This is how you control the cars. I mean instantly. Really quick starts. Fast stops. And does it pour on the speed? ●●



●● Plug in the electric power pack and you can race forever. Or at least until dinnertime. ●●

●● There's 37 running feet of track here—40% more than you get with other sets. Just snaps together. Like this. And you can build over 100 different layouts with it. That oughta keep the kid busy. ●●



●● Those high-banked curves have a 40-degree angle so you can take 'em on at full speed. Really wild! ●●



●● That thing? Automatic lap counter. Keeps track of how many laps you've ran. ●●

●● I guess that's why they call it Championship Pro Racing. Because it is. ●●



●● What a layout! It's HO scale, so it only takes up 4" by 8" of space. Look at those 3 different levels to race through. And those 8-loop straightaways. That's where you really tear ... ●●



●● See ... the bodies snap onto this special-design chassis. Positions the car 1/8" lower on the track so they can be powered deep into the curves and faster on the straightaways. Less chance they'll spin out or de-slot. And look at that independent rotating front wheel suspension! Honey ... you listening? ●●

wife why you spent an that Pro Racing set.



Just saying. "But hon, it's Christmas," won't make it at all. She knows what time of year it is.

The best defense is a good offense — right?

So remember all the extras that convinced you our Championship Pro Racing set was worth the extra 10 bucks.

There they are, on the other page.

Tell her about them. Or tear out the page and let her see for herself.

You might want to throw in a couple of other clinchers, too. Admit you got kind of fascinated with the set yourself. That you figured you could really share it with your boy without feeling foolish.

Point out that this set has so much going for it, it won't end up like a lot of past Christmas gifts: collecting dust before the tree drops its needles.

And how you won't have to run out in a month or two to buy extra track or extra accessories to make this set interesting. Because all the extras are already there.

If all this good, crystal-clear logic still doesn't move her, maybe you better go back to the emotional appeal after all.

Tell her it's Christmas.

Available at

ILLINOIS

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Chicago
Springfield

Bloomington

Carbondale

Champaign

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

ANTI-ALEX

Alex Hawkins' dismissal of the NFL Players' Association as having "outlived its usefulness" (*SCORECARD*, Nov. 20) has excited vigorous dissent among our readers, one of whom wrote, "There are unions and unions, and much good or bad to be said about individuals within them, but Hawkins' line about 'heroes or union men' is an insult to many a hero of the labor movement. It is an echo of the old propaganda that unions may be all right for the absolutely starving but are beneath the dignity of almost everybody else. When Actors' Equity was formed the employers argued that it would take the glamour out of the theater, but the Barrymores, for instance, joined the union and their glamour was undimmed. When the Newspaper Guild was started, the publishers argued that it would take the romance out of newspapering; Heywood Brown replied that he could be twice as romantic for twice the money."

"Hawkins' argument appeals mainly to snobbery. The players who have not made it big and want to protect their rights are damned as moneygrubbers. But sport is big business, and collective bargaining is a hard-won, democratic right. How far do appeals to idealism and heroism get with owners?"

LENNY'S COUNTRY

When Lenny Wilkens, player-coach of the Seattle SuperSonics, was demoted to player-only last April, local basketball fans were outspokenly annoyed. Yet the love affair between fans and team had been so strong (last season Seattle had 19 sellouts and the third highest attendance in the NBA even though it is way down the list of the league's cities in population) that when Lenny said he would be content to continue as a player, everything seemed O.K.

Then, in late August, the Sonics suddenly traded Wilkens to the Cleveland Cavaliers, and seismic tremors shook the Northwest. Switchboards exploded. Let-

ters clogged the post office. With Lenny gone, attendance dropped precipitously. Not a game was sold out—until early last week when Wilkens and the Cavaliers came to town for the first time. The second biggest crowd in Sonic history showed up, and when Wilkens was routinely introduced before the game he was greeted with a roaring ovation that lasted three minutes. In contrast, each Sonic player was lustily booed, a sour irony since many of them, notably Spencer Haywood, had publicly deplored Wilkens' departure. Even so, the fans derided every Sonic move during the game and cheered the Cavaliers to a 113-107 victory.

After the game, a police guard was needed to protect Wilkens from his admirers when he came to the scorers' bench for a radio interview. In the interview he carefully avoided direct criticism of the Seattle management, but when the announcer compared his trade to that which sent Willie Mays from San Francisco to New York last spring, Wilkens politely corrected him: "Willie Mays wanted to leave," he said. "I didn't."

DOWNHILL RIDE

Even though the New York stock market broke through the all-important 1,000 barrier on the old Dow, one of the most promising items in sports manufacturing seemed to be heading the other way. Snowmobile companies, riding high a while back, are in a shakedown period. Six years ago there were 100 companies making snowmobiles in North America; last year there were 60, now there are 40, and insiders predict half of these will be gone in a few years. Bombardier Ltd., largest snowmobile manufacturer in Canada, has dropped from \$25 a share to \$7, partly because Canadian manufacturers have had to cope with a motor vehicle safety act that requires a noise level no higher than 82 decibels, high-low headlights, disc brakes, brake lights and reflector markings on each side. The cost of

such noise control and safety equipment affects the price of the snowmobile and, according to Laurent Beaudoin, president of Bombardier, "In a declining market, it will be difficult to pass the costs on to the customer." The company does not expect any better sales this winter than in the 1971-72 season, so an upswing seems at least a year off.

LANGWIDGE IN ACTION

A visitor to Ireland said, after wading through Gaelic spellings (Don Laoghaire is the classic way of rendering Dunleary, for example), "The Irish are great spellers but terrible pronouncers." U.S. orthography is not at the complicated level of Gaelic, but we can mispronounce with the best of them. A student of the art says that a sportscaster covering Notre Dame games regularly refers to the "Fighin' Ahrsh, and that the following is the way some fans pronounce the names of their favorite baseball teams:

Boson Rehsaw
York Yanks
Balmer Oros
Worshenen Senniners
Phrowaduffya Phwze
Pysburgh Parts
Clevain Innayons
Sin Loose Carnals
Lantabraz

And if he had been around New York and Brooklyn 20 years ago, he would have heard fans arguing about the relative merits of the Jints and Dodjiz.

ONE OF GEORGE'S BOYS

Frankie Albert, the old Stanford All-America who became the first quarterback and third coach in San Francisco 49er history, was talking about resourcefulness the other day. "When I was coaching in the 1950s," Frankie recalled, "old George Halas would have so many of his free-lancing buddies on the sidelines at Wrigley Field, you couldn't tell the coaches from the fans—all those guys pacing up and down in overcoats and snap-brim hats. Well, one day something happened in the game that drove our line coach, Bill Johnson, wild. Before I knew it, he was running out on the field yelling at the officials and pointing at the players like crazy. I didn't know what was going on so I followed Bill out there. The referee spotted me and said, 'Frank, who is this man?' I hesitated for a moment thinking of the consequences, and then I said, 'I've never

continued

seen him before in my life.' The referee figured Johnson must have been one of Halas' boys and he ordered him off the field and into the stands. Bill looked puzzled, but I just looked away. It cost me an assistant coach for the rest of the game, but it saved the team a 15-yard penalty for a technical. I figured it was worth it."

BEEP, BEEP

Golfers, particularly hackers, have been hearing for some time of a new kind of golf ball that incorporates an electronic beeper. If you lose the ball in a particularly grim bit of rough, you tune in on the beeper and it leads you unerringly to the right spot.

But the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the British counterpart of the U.S. Golf

with an illegal ball that says, "Here I am," than waste a lot of time exploring the rough after a bad shot.

CHOOSE AND PICK

When the San Diego Chargers traded Marty Domres to the Baltimore Colts earlier this year for a first-round draft pick, the Colts gave the Chargers' Harland Sware a choice: he could have Baltimore's own first-round pick or the one the Colts had obtained from the Washington Redskins in an earlier deal. Because the perennially powerful Colts were usually one of the last teams to make a selection, Sware logically settled on Washington's as the one he wanted.

Poor Sware. Who could possibly have known then that the Colts would collapse completely, and that the Redskins would suddenly become so much better? Now, the way things are going in the standings, the difference between Baltimore and Washington picks could be as much as 20 choices.

NOT SO BIG TEN

When giants fall, they are often unmercifully jeered by pygmies. The Big Ten, once the mightiest of football conferences, has been suffering that fate and is getting tired of the abuse. After all, the Big Ten has far more players on National Football League rosters than any other conference, almost as many, in fact, as the vaunted Big Eight and Southeastern conferences combined.

This could reflect past glory, of course, but Steven Kerr, an assistant professor of management sciences at Ohio State, presents a defense of current Big Ten status, too. The conference had a negative 11-16 record in nonconference games at the time of Kerr's study, but his figures show that the Big Ten plays far more games against teams in the top 20 than anybody else. Almost 45% of its nonconference games are against topnotchers, compared to 25% for the Pacific Eight, 23% for the Southwest, 16% for the Big Eight and a mere 10% for the Southeastern.

Good for Kerr, good for the Big Ten. However, a closer study of such games does not enhance the Big Ten image. Michigan and Ohio State, the best in the conference, were 5-0 against outsiders, but the outsiders were UCLA, North Carolina, California, Tulane and Navy. The last three were not particularly distinguished this season. The

six other Big Ten outside wins were over Kentucky, Syracuse (twice), Pitt, Oregon State and Northern Illinois. Excluding Northern Illinois, the combined record of these teams was 11-31. Some very fine teams have beaten the Big Ten, and some of the scores have been humiliating: 49-0 by Nebraska, 55-20 and 51-6 by USC, 38-6 by Colorado, 37-0 and 35-14 by Notre Dame, 35-17 by Penn State. And the Big Ten has also lost to Bowling Green, Washington (twice), Kansas and TCU.

In sum, Big Ten football is still pretty good, especially if you root for Michigan and, most weeks, Ohio State. But it is not what it used to be, which is all anybody is saying, really.

BUMPIDYBUMP

Members of the Baltimore City Council have offered a simple suggestion for curbing excess speed on quiet streets that are all too often used for impromptu drag races. They want bumps: rounded, blacktopped obstacles several inches high that stretch from curb to curb. Used on many college campuses and other traffic backwaters, the bumps present only a mild problem to a slowly moving vehicle but they shake the bolts out of a fast moving one. And they effectively control traffic without lights, stop signs or traffic officers.

THEY SAID IT

• Lyle Brown, University of Rochester basketball coach: "On my 12-man squad I've got four math majors and five psychology majors, which sometimes makes it tough to get a lot done in practice. If I tell the squad to shoot 200 free throws, the math majors will sit down and figure out how many shots that is per man, and the psych majors will huddle together and say: 'Now what did he really mean by that?'"

• Nate Thurmond, Golden State Warrior center who, although he is 6' 11", once thought he might make a career of basketball instead of basketball: "I gave it up when I realized I couldn't hit the high fastball."

• Lord Wigg, British thoroughbred racing official who raised taxes on bookmakers: "My immediate reward for increasing the tax on bookmaking was major vilification, and it was confidently asserted in bookmakers' circles that my mother and father met only once, and then for a very brief period."



Association, has declared the ball illegal, holding that Rule 37 (9) says, "The players shall not use any artificial device which might assist him in making a stroke or in his play." Finding a lost ball artificially, the argument goes, relieves the golfer of the penalty he should have received for his bad shot.

This raises an interesting point. A golfer playing with a caddy has the right to send the caddy out front to watch where a possibly errant shot may land, which neatly eliminates the possibility of a penalty for a lost ball. Caddy, yes, electronics, no, says the Royal and Ancient. Except that a lot of golfers who seldom if ever use caddies would rather play

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NO LOSSES, NO TIES AND NO NAMES

All the glamorous people are on the offense, but it is the Dolphins' anonymous league-leading defense that stopped the Jets, clinched a playoff spot and kept Miami unbeaten

by **TEX MAULE**

In the American Football Conference there are four divisions—the Eastern Division, the Western Division, the Central Division and the long division between Miami and the rest of the conference. This week, even before the Christmas shopping season officially began, the Dolphins sewed up a place in the playoffs by whipping the New York Jets 28-24 in front of thousands of rude people waving handkerchiefs in the Orange Bowl.

The Jets and all the other contenders in the AFC have won-loss records that would not qualify them for the Fiesta Bowl, while Miami is fast becoming a statistical legend in its own time. As the figures listed here show, Miami is only the second club in the last decade to win its first 10 games, and it has a chance to be the first team in National Football League history to win all 14 regular-season games. The Dolphins' remaining schedule presents almost no difficulties—unless they start giving up points to ennu and overconfidence.

Against the Jets, Miami did in fact play almost nonchalantly, limiting itself to exactly one touchdown a quarter and making a number of inexcusable mistakes. Time and again the Dolphins had to be bailed out by their defense, which leads the league in a lot of things, anonymity included.

Consider. In the first series of the game, Joe Namath—returning to the scene of his Super Bowl triumph of 1969—dropped back to pass from his 15. Split End Don Maynard put a good move on the Dolphin strong safety, who recovered quickly and intercepted the ball, setting the Dolphins up in business on the Jet 33. From there, seven plays later, Earl Morrall—rushed into

the breach six weeks ago to replace the injured Bob Griese—threw to slow-but-tricky Howard Twilley for 7-0, a touchdown that could be chalked up to the No-Name Defense.

The Dolphins sagged a little then. Nick Buoniconti, the middle linebacker who leads the defense and has its only name—he got it at Notre Dame and in the old

AFL—appeared to be overly concerned with the Jet running game. Seizing on this, Namath put a beautiful 80-yard drive together to tie the score, and after that the Jets were very much in the contest the rest of the way, mostly because of the Miami offense's habit of coughing up the ball with untidy regularity.

As it turned out, however, the issue was really settled at a point before halftime when New York, leading 14-7, intercepted a Morrall pass and had first down on the Miami nine. Here the No-Names rose to the occasion. "We have had a big-play defense all year and it made the big plays today just when we needed them." Dolphin Coach Don Shula said afterward.

On first down, Emerson Boozer was dropped for a yard loss on an attempted sweep. Then, after an offensive pass-interference penalty, Boozer lost another yard trying to go off tackle, and a third-down pass went wildly incomplete. The Jets happily settled for a field goal to lead 17-7, and although the Dolphin offense was seldom at its stunning best thereafter, it supplied just enough punch to keep the whole team undefeated.

The biggest star on the attack was not the venerable Morrall or the diligent Twilley or even Larry Csonka and Jim Knick—it was Mercury Morris, who now splits a running-back assignment with Knick. Morris ran for 107 yards in 23 carries, mostly because of his remarkable talent for moving sideways at full speed. Only Morrall, of all people, managed to sop Morris by running 31 yards for a touchdown on a broken pass play.

continued

UNBEATEN, UNTIED

Following are the only known pro football teams in U.S. history that have won at least 10 straight games from the start of a season:

14-0	Cleveland Browns (All-American Conference)	1948*
12-0	Chicago Bears (NFL)	1934*
11-0	Chicago Bears (NFL)	1942*
	Cleveland Browns (NFL)	1953
	San Diego Chargers (AFL)	1961
	Los Angeles Rams (NFL)	1969
10-0	Green Bay Packers (ind.)	1919
	Green Bay Packers (NFL)	1929
	Detroit Lions (NFL)	1934
	San Francisco 49ers (AFL)	1948
	Green Bay Packers (NFL)	1962
	Miami Dolphins (NFL)	1972

*Indicates completed the regular season unbeaten and untied. The '48 Browns won the championship game to finish 15-0, while both the '34 and the '42 Bears lost their playoff games.

The No-Name Defense got the ball, and well-knowns like Mercury Morris made the points





The attorney for the defense, Nick Buoniconti (85) rushes in to help his lesser-known teammates, 40 (left) and 84, bring down John Riggins.

NO NAMES *continued*

"That's one of the longest runs I ever made," Morrall said afterwards. "I guess it's just fate."

Destiny notwithstanding, the Dolphins have achieved their success not so much with their offense as with their ability to take the ball away from opposing clubs. When you go over the evidence, you have to listen to the attorney for the defense. That would be Buoniconti, who intercepted Namath once to save a sure Jet score. He is a short, square man with half a hairy chest. The reason it is not a whole hairy chest is that the other half was shaved away to accommodate adhesive bandages used to relieve a shoulder injury.

Buoniconti really is an attorney, although he has never, in fact, stood for

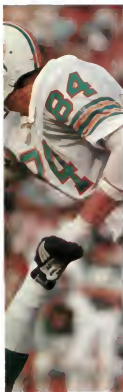
the defense. While he was playing for the Boston Patriots he spent the off-season as an assistant prosecuting attorney. After moving to Miami in 1969 he worked in litigation for one law firm, and now handles business law for another.

Buoniconti has a great deal to do with arranging the rather complex defense for the Dolphins. While the well-publicized runners and receivers have been putting points on the board, Buoniconti and the rest of the No-Names have been denying opponents points even more efficiently. One reason they have no name is because no one has been able to come up with something like the Los Angeles Rams' Fearsome Foursome, the Minnesota Vikings' Purple People Eaters or the Dallas Cowboys' Doomsday De-

fense. Many fans, even in Miami, could not name the front four of the Dolphins and would be hard put to identify anyone on the defense, with the exception of Buoniconti, who is flanked by outside linebackers Nos. 57 and 59.

"We don't have any superstars playing defense," Buoniconti said last Saturday. "It's a crashing cliché to say this, but it's true. Since we don't have the great individuals, we do it on teamwork. We come up with the big plays."

At 31, Buoniconti is by almost five years the oldest man on the mobile young crew. A free-ranging, free-lancing kind of linebacker for seven years with the Patriots—and for his first season with the Dolphins as well—he had a difficult time adjusting to a new defensive phe-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MEL LORIE

AFL and now it looked like I couldn't do anything right. I guess it was after our seventh or eighth game that year that I came into the dressing room really down. Don asked me to come into his room and told me that he knew how I felt. 'It takes maybe eight or 10 games to learn this defense,' he said to me. 'You're doing a real good job. Just quit worrying. You're going to make it.'"

Obviously, Buoniconti did make it. Now he operates the sophisticated Miami system with aplomb. He does not call the defensive plays; those come from the sideline. But he makes all the adjustments to any unexpected changes. "I have complete freedom," he says. "The plays come in, but I call all the automatics and I make the little changes in spacing and so on. It's a challenge and a pleasure. I like it."

At 5' 11" and 220, Buoniconti is a midsize among middle linebackers. When he finished his college career at Notre Dame, he was the 13th draft choice of the Patriots but when the NFL and the AFL merged he was chosen as the all-time AFL middle linebacker. He has not diminished in talent since then.

"His two great qualities are quickness and intelligence," says Shula. "He's really not tall enough to play middle linebacker, but his anticipation is so good that he's always in the right place. And he's quick as a cat."

Certainly, Buoniconti does not constitute the whole Miami defense by himself. All season long the other No-Names have made memorable contributions. One of the many defensive formations the Dolphins use is The Fifty-Three, in which they employ only three defensive linemen along with various combinations of linebackers and defensive backs. This is a strong defense against the pass, and it places an unconscionable burden on the middle man in the three-man line, No. 75, a big, cheerful citizen who wears a Fu Manchu mustache.

"He plays under tremendous pressure and does a fine job," says Defensive Line Coach Mike Scarry, of No. 75. "He's always got two people blocking him—a guard and the center—and lots of times a back stays in to pick him up if he splits the double block. That means he doesn't get in on the quarterback very often, but we don't expect him to. What he does is bust in there and force things to happen."

No. 84, a defensive end, performs a

similar vital function for the No-Names. "Maybe these guys don't get the tackle," Scarry says, "but they put the quarterback or the runner in position for someone else to make it. That's why we insist on our people playing their positions. Pursuit is fine, but it's not a bunch of people running around haphazardly after the ball. You pursue only after you are sure you know where the ball is going."

Ironically, this fashionable style of methodical, patterned defensive play, based on zones of responsibility, has in some respects cut down the Dolphins as a striking power. Although helping the runners on all teams, zones have diminished the superstar wide receivers, among them Paul Warfield, whom many experts consider the finest deep threat in football.

Warfield, who sat out the Jet game with a sprained ankle and a sore arch, is philosophical about it. "I spent a lot of time learning moves," he says. "When just about everyone played man-to-man pass defense, I used to study the defensive back who would be on me before every game. I rehearsed my patterns until they were perfect to the inch. Now, with zone coverage, it doesn't make any difference. I can put all the moves I want to on a back or a linebacker; they don't pay any attention to me. When I leave them, someone else will take me. So you have great athletes who spend an afternoon patrolling nothing more than about 10 square yards of ground. The duels are gone and the long passes are gone and I think that's what excited people."

Of course, winning excites people, too, and most fans do not really care how you manage it. If you can do it with Warfield outmaneuvering a defensive back man-on-man, fine. If you do it with runners such as Cosma and Morris and Kikic, fine. And if you have to do it with defense, they will take that, too. Just ask the Dolphins' attorney for the defense about his No-Names.

P.S. They do have names.

THE FACED FOUR: Manny Fernandez (75), Vern Deen Herder (83), Bill Stanfill (84), Bob Heinz (72).

THE LINEBACKERS: Buoniconti, Doug Swift (59), Mike Kellen (57).

THE CORNERBACKS: Tim Foley (25), Curtis Johnson (45).

THE SAFETIES: Dick Anderson (40), Jake Scott (13).

END

ilosophy after Shula took over the team in 1970. "We blitzed about half the time in Boston. I mean, I was more or less on my own. I was always trying to play my position and a part of another position. Then when Shula came here, he put in a very disciplined defense. You have a primary responsibility, and you take care of that. If you can do that with time left over to do something else, then you can help out. But the first thing you do is protect your territory."

For the first half of his first season under Shula, Buoniconti regularly over-committed, left his position and in general did almost all the things that Shula felt a defender should never do. "I was really discouraged," Buoniconti recalls. "I'd had a pretty good career in the

COULD HAVE BEEN, NOW MAY BE

Five years ago, with Nate Thurmond and Rick Barry, the Warriors appeared to be the team of the future. Now that they are back together again, Golden State might be the team of the present **by PETER CARRY**

Rick Barry has never hidden his light under a basket, peach or otherwise, but last week, as his team of the moment, the Golden State Warriors, won three of four to stand but two games back of division-leading Los Angeles, he said, "Nate Thurmond's the guy who makes us a good team. I'm just the dressing on the salad."

Five years ago the Warriors seemed about to leave their salad days behind. They finished first in the West and put up a strong battle in the NBA finals before succumbing to a Philadelphia team that was considered nearly invincible. To further mix the salad metaphor, they were wilted.

Boasting a skinny 25-year-old center and a skinny 23-year-old forward who

had led the league with a 35.6 scoring average, the Warriors were the NBA's team of the future. They are now well into that future and, with those two stars having gained the weight of both flesh and experience, are every bit the title contenders they were supposed to be. But the last five years didn't go as planned. Shortly after the promising spring of 1967, Rick Barry, the young forward, departed to perform in federal, state and ABA courts in Oakland, Washington, Virginia and New York. Warrior Owner Franklin Mieuli made a crusade out of bringing Barry back and many fans joined up, in the process ignoring Thurmond, the young center, who toiled will and, judging by the team's record and attendance, often in solitary splendor.

"They talk about the great combinations who have played together in this league," Thurmond said last week. "They talk about Jerry West and Elgin Baylor and they talk about Bob Cousy and Bill Russell. Rick and I should have been one of those great combinations. Certainly, I am glad to have Rick back so we can now try to do all those things together, but that doesn't mean that I don't get sad thinking about the five years we wasted. We could have been in that group; we might have produced championships. Now we're finally getting our chance. But we're both getting older and we've both got bad knees."

Even with bad knees, Thurmond and Barry are rapidly proving they are ready to pick up that old challenge, particularly since they both agree that this is a far stronger Warrior team than the one they last played on. Golden State has an explosive scorer in Forward Carzie Russell and a steady one in Guard Jeff Mullins, who last week got his 10,000 NBA point. The Warriors also have a superior offensive rebounder in 6' 10" Clyde Lee. The team lacks overall speed and an accomplished floor leader, although Mahdi Abdul-Rahman (formerly Walt Hazzard), who was recently signed, could help if he revives his game. The guard starting opposite Mullins is Jim Barnett, who is not controlled enough

to be a playmaker in the traditional manner. But Barnett is a man of 1,000 lay-ups, and his slashing drives are an asset. Even the coaching compares with that of the earlier Thurmond-Barry team. Bill Sharman was the coach then and his successor once removed, Al Attles, is beginning to attract the respect that Sharman first attained with the Warriors.

Still the Warriors' chances to overtake the Lakers depend on Thurmond and Barry, in that order, which is a precedence that even Mieuli recognizes. It is team policy that no player is more highly paid than Thurmond, who will earn about \$30,000 in excess of Barry's \$218,000 salary this season.

That is surely the biggest compliment Thurmond has received in a playing career full of second notices. Even at high school in Akron, Nate was overshadowed by teammate Gus Johnson, the longtime Baltimore Bullet who now plays for the Phoenix Suns. While Johnson was dazzling the crowd with his dunk shots, Thurmond was trying to figure out how to persuade all the parts of his gangly body to go in the same direction at the same time. In college at Bowling Green, Thurmond was highly regarded by pro scouts and rarely by anyone else. For a season and a half after he joined San Francisco, the 6' 11" Thurmond usually played forward while Wilt Chamberlain, averaging more than 35 points, took most of the shots and all of the headlines. Three months after the Warriors traded Chamberlain, they signed Barry. Two seasons ago, when Attles was coaching the team and Thurmond had recovered from a series of injuries, the Warriors jumped from sixth place in their division to second. That was also Jerry Lucas' only full year with the Warriors and he got all the ink. Last year the Warriors' record (51-31) was the best in their history. It was also the year Russell joined Golden State and became the team's latest celebrity.

Barry is only pro to shoot fouls underhand



With his 28" arms, Thurmond has little trouble making a layup over Atlanta's Jim Washington.

Over the past five seasons Thurmond has averaged more than 20 points per game and only once finished lower than fifth in rebounding. He also has been at least the equal of any other center on defense. Yet in the past two years Thurmond has not been picked to play in the All-Star Game, while Detroit's Bob Lanier and Elvin Hayes, then of the Rockets, two high-scoring pivotmen whose overemphasis on shooting has often been criticized, were selected.

"I guess you've got to have some kind of flair and I don't," says Thurmond. "I don't dunk unless I have to. About the only fancy thing I do is block a few shots in every game."

A gantry-crane jump shot and a talent for running the pick-and-roll are Thurmond's offensive strengths. On defense he is more diverse. Milwaukee's Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the hardest of all centers to guard, considers Thurmond his most bothersome opponent. But as talented as he is at guarding other big men, Nate is at his best against teams whose centers do not command his full attention, when he is free to roam as he

was in Golden State's games last week against Philadelphia, Portland and Buffalo. In those games he blocked 20 shots, only four of them taken by the men he was assigned to guard. In one play against the 76ers he picked up Forward John Block at the top of the key and when Block decided to attempt a 25-foot jumper, Thurmond reached out and snatched the ball as soon as it left Block's hand. The next night, in Portland, the Trail Blazers' Geoff Petrie and Otis Johnson ran a two-on-one fast break with Thurmond the lone defender. Petrie drove the ball nearly to the point of release and, when he appeared to have Nate's undivided attention, flicked the ball around Thurmond's body to Johnson, who immediately shot a layup. Thurmond spun, batted the ball straight down, caught it as it bounced off the floor and threw it downcourt to start a Warrior fast break.

"With Rick back now, I figure I won't have to score as much this year," said Thurmond. "But that will allow me to concentrate more on the other end of the floor."



Coach Al Attles encourages his Warriors.



The Warriors, who remember Barry as a nonstop offensive player who always left the other end to Nate, have been surprised to find that he apparently learned some defense in the ABA. Attles, who played for the Warriors then, is also pleased that the 195-pound boy who left San Francisco is now a 215-pound man.

Last week Barry actually was playing at over 220 pounds, since he missed training camp while trying to decide between a TV career and basketball. The extra weight slowed his reflexes and there were even moments when he unwisely passed up easy shots to feed teammates. Barry, who is also bothered by a slight knee injury, claims that by the end of the season the Warriors will find him an entirely different ballplayer from the one they remember.

"I've always thought I could be a complete player," he said, "but I've felt that the teams I've been on needed my points. Here that's not the case because we have a lot of scorers. I think I can contribute more by playing good defense, rebounding, passing and taking the good shot when it comes."

To say nothing of fulfilling Nate Thurmond's sense of destiny. **END**

THAT'S NOT THUNDER YOU HEAR, IT'S USC

*As crosstown rival UCLA found out last week, anyone taking on the No. 1
Trojans had better be prepared for stormy weather* **by DAN JENKINS**

The I-Bone lives and reigns supreme. The I-Bone belongs to USC and John McKay, who announced earlier in the week of that social event known as the UCLA game that all his Trojans intended to do was kick heads and take names. This is exactly what they did, and it was as easy as their other nine victories this season because the Trojans have so much talent they look like they could play two or three different sports at once. And win them all. USC has a bunch of guys who can wrestle, push the shot, run the quarter mile, field fly balls, long jump, high jump and shoot one-hand push shots, and they bring these abilities to the football field along with an appalling confidence. Last Saturday against the hated Bruins in what was expected to be the usual old emotional showdown for the Rose Bowl bid, McKay's Trojans laughed it up while whipping what they called "the best team your taxes can buy."

The score was 24-7 and it well might have been worse if McKay had been playing Stanford again, Stanford being the Pacific Eight school that McKay enjoys referring to as the "Radcliffe of the West," the school he wanted to beat 2,000-0 this year on his way to what he expects will be a third national championship.

John McKay has a neat sense of humor and he has always brought it to the game he coaches so well. The I-Bone was McKay's answer to UCLA's Wishbone, which USC linebackers turned into a drumstick last Saturday. He is one of the few good coaches in the country who has stuck to the Shifting-T or Limping-I or Strolling-I-T formations throughout these five years that the Wishbone has been the vogue. Nebraska's Bob Devaney is another, and the systems of USC and Nebraska are very similar in that they look more like the type of formations you will see from a pro team. The I-backs, the slots, flankers, split ends and so forth.

One might also say that the talent of USC and Nebraska is not that much different from the pros, either. The Trojans are big and fast and capable, and they simply do everything well, from passing to playing defense. It is not usual for a team that relies as much on the pass as the Trojans do to maintain a strong running game, but they have plays with names like Blast Orbit and Student-body Right tailored for the exceptional running ability of their sophomore streak, Anthony Davis, and they run and run and run, just as they did on the Bruins.

Davis, who puts on some kind of a cloak of invisibility and sort of scoots along underneath people, got 178 yards. He is near 1,000 for the season, which is not bad for a youngster who used to wrestle and play the outfield.

"I coach him not to get tackled," smiles McKay in his sumptuous office (one of two, actually) in USC's new Heritage Hall.

It was raining on Thursday just as it had been raining most of the week, and McKay seemed as unconcerned about the lack of work his Trojans had done preparing for UCLA as he seemed unconcerned about the Bruins themselves.

"If I can find the gymnasium in the old building, I'll show you some fantastic athletes," McKay said, drawing on his traditional cigar. "We might be better than we've ever been. At least we've never before had a former basketball star at tight end [Charles Young], a shot putter at fullback [Sam Cunningham], a quarter-miler at split end [Edecel Garrison], a flanker who can long jump [Lynn Swann] and a linebacker who can high jump 6' 6" [Ray Rodriguez]. Plus my son."

That's J. K. McKay, the team's leading pass receiver who alternates with Garrison bringing in plays from McKay to Quarterback Mike Rae, who throws well and boots field goals and used to be a baseball and basketball star.

That Thursday the Trojans were in the gymnasium out of the rain, running through a few plays and laughing, working for a whole 25 minutes.

"If we can play the game indoors in our stockings, I think we're ready," McKay said.

"The coach must think we're pretty good," said Swann. "Last year he hollered at us a lot. This year he's mellow. When we do something wrong, he just says, 'Way to miss a block, Swann.'"

To this, McKay said, "You don't have to holler so much when you win."

The Trojans started winning fast against UCLA, leading 10-0 after six minutes of the first quarter. UCLA managed a nice drive before the period ended to narrow it down to 10-7 and it looked, briefly, as if there might be a football game. Then came the second quarter. First, Davis fumbled a punt and gave UCLA the ball on USC's 27-yard line. If the Bruins had been able to get any points out of it, the Trojans might at least have had something to be concerned



about. But the team that upset Nebraska way, way back there in early September just couldn't washbone it any closer than the 16-yard line, and then missed a field goal. After that, with the Bruins for some reason refusing to pass—young Mark Harmon didn't get his first completion until deep in the third quarter—the UCLA attack came almost to a halt.

One of the reasons UCLA could not move all evening were some young defenders who promise to keep USC a terrific defensive team for another season or so, primarily two linebackers named Richard Wood, a sophomore, and Jim Sims, a transfer junior. They made about 25 tackles between them, never letting UCLA's James McAlister and Kermit Johnson get more than a glimpse of daylight. One play was typical. McAlister broke loose over tackle and turned toward the outside, and after five yards there didn't seem to be anyone between him and Pasadena. But out of nowhere came Wood, a 6' 2", 220-pound cat from

Elizabeth, N.J., to catch him from behind and nail him for only those five yards.

It was late in the second quarter, with Rae throwing and Davis pulling his disappearing act, that USC motored 80 yards for the touchdown that made it 17-7 at the half, and it was in the third quarter that USC did more of the same on a 96-yard drive to wind up the scoring and let the contest rattle around in UCLA futility throughout the last period.

It was so easy that UCLA Coach Pepper Rodgers could only sigh, "I guess USC is the best team I've ever seen, period. There isn't anything they don't do well on offense or defense and they know they can do it, and they do it."

Anthony Davis said afterward, "It was funny how unemotional we were. We were high, sure, but we weren't in a frenzy the way I always thought USC was supposed to be for UCLA."

John McKay sat grinning in the locker room. "The I-Bone is back," he said.

"I don't care what happens the rest of the year because we're going home." Home is the Rose Bowl, which almost became McKay's personal property there for a while. At least it did until Stanford went the past two years.

"Gentlemen," said McKay, "I'd like to announce that the Rose Bowl no longer belongs to Radcliffe."

Would No. 1 belong to the Trojans?

Well, it will if USC can get past Notre Dame next week and then past the Big Ten champion in the Rose Bowl. USC has led the polls ever since Nebraska fell, and now that McKay has the Pacific Eight championship tucked away, the only worry he has is with his old pal Bear Bryant and Alabama about this poll business.

"I was talking to Paul on the phone the other day and I told him I had voted for him in the UPI poll," said McKay.

"I said, 'That's two votes I know you got, but don't blame me for all those other dumb guys voting for us.'"

They may not be so dumb.

END

Sleazebag running by Anthony Davis (28) and resolute linebacking by Richard Wood (83) added up to a win for the Trojans.





A TIME TO BLESS THE BEASTS AND FRESHMEN

Let's see now. We've torn up and voted down the Olympic Games. We've turned the World Series over to a House of David softball team and watched the Dallas Cowboys finally win a big one. We've hit the moon, let women become people, paid the milk prices and put all the nasty words and bare bottoms we could find into the movies. So what else is there? Or, as sneering Buffalo Bob used to exhort members of the peanut gallery on the *Howdy Doody* show, "HEY, KIDS, WHAT TIME IS IT?????"

It is Get UCLA Time.

College basketball has attempted just about everything in its annual effort to unseat UCLA. In the last six years, considering the national finals alone, it has tried shooting the ball up from 30 feet out (Purdue's Rick Mount, 1969) and shooting it down from three feet in (Jacksonville's Artis Gilmore, 1970). It has presented a blue team with a four-corner stall as an element of surprise (North Carolina, 1968) and a red team with a guy supposedly named Glinder Toran as an element of humor (Dayton, 1967). It has competed with a real live professional fellow, Howard Porter (Villanova, 1971—known in the record books as Vacated, 1971) and a team that some NCAA paranoids thought was made up of professionals (Florida State's Affidavit Five, 1972). Nothing has worked.

So it happens that the guardians of the sport, like many others in the time of distress, have gone to the Bible (Psalm 116):

The season greets two new classes, sophomore and freshman. In a year of radical change, they could turn the old power structure inside out
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

for an answer and come upon the revelation that since nobody else has been able to lead them, maybe a child can. After all, a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes once pulled off a very neat upset. Plainly, there it was. Bless the beasts and freshmen.

There are many who believe the NCAA made freshmen eligible in all varsity sports only in order to cut down on all those dollars that football chews up. Well, they are mostly right. But basketball coaches (who have little use for the other game people whom they sometimes call the "oblong hangers") prefer to think freshmen were allowed to play primarily for basketball, and more specifically to help them get UCLA.

Paradoxically, many coaches have been bemoaning the new rule ever since it was announced last January. They claim the policy works a hardship on youngsters both in the classroom and on the court. They fear it will bring havoc to recruiting schedules, practice sessions, road trips, statistical records, balance of morale and the lunch hour. They say it means more pressure, frustration, disillusionment, heartbreak and dumb fouls. And they have predicted that there aren't enough good freshmen around to make a difference anyway.

All of this sounds strangely familiar, of course, just like what the football

coaches said before their season began. However, as everyone who listens to Chris Schenkel knows by now, all college athletes are oblivious to pressure, inspired by adversity, able to rise to the occasion, clean, loyal, reverent and, especially, "great." Besides, they never go to class anyway. Also, as we have seen all autumn, freshmen have been at work ripping college football asunder as if it was just one big Thanksgiving turkey—proving once again that coaches pretty much know absolutely nothing.

Football being a 22-man-plus-a-whole-hunch-of-backers sport, there are certain limitations to how large an impact one or two freshmen can make on a game, a team, a season or an entire athletic program. But basketball's surface attraction is so starkly personal and its structure so individual—dominant rebounders, hot shooters, glorious one-on-one shows—that often just a couple of players can alter the course.

If nothing else, this factor is easily recognizable by the salary levels in the pro leagues (an NBA player makes on the average substantially more than his NFL counterpart) and by the flocks of financial flesh agents who are this very second slithering into college dormitories.

In other words, if you thought freshmen accomplished something in football, you ain't seen nothin' yet. For every Archie Griffin at Ohio State there is a Wally (Wonderful) Walker at Virginia. For Notre Dame's Steve Nisheus there is Albany State's Major Jones. And for Quinn Buckner, Indiana defensive back, there is—hold it—Quinn Buckner, Indiana playmaking guard.

Realistically, the class of 1976 will not set the world on fire right away. Furthermore, there is a suspicion that it is

THE NEW ONES who can turn their teams on (include checkmate from upper left) Freshmen Wally Walker of Virginia and Albany State's Major Jones, sophomore Campy Russell of Michigan and Oklahoma freshman Al Adams

continued

not even one of the more talented classes of the last few years. But as a barometer of things to come in college basketball, it will do. This freshman group (not all of whom will play this year) does include a potential Davis Cup tennis player at Maryland, a singer who can wait the national anthem before games at Butler, Paul Aron's son at William & Mary and a quartet of youngsters whose splendid monikers have earned them automatic entry into the mythical Hall of Names: Utah's Luther (Tack) Burden, Oklahoma State's Lafayette Threatt, Iowa State's Hercle (Ponson) Ivy and Colgate's Indrek Kongsits. Match those, football.

The freshmen aren't the only new faces appearing in starting lineups next week. Sophomores are there, too, and many coaches have expressed their sorrow that the rule declaring everybody eligible did not come one year earlier.

It would have caused some major changes in the top ten ratings if it had. For Norm Sloan at North Carolina State, it would have meant the services of David Thompson. For Johnny Orr at Michigan, it would have meant Campanella Russell. Las Vegas would have had Jimmy Baker, Jacksonville Rucky Coleman, and at Marquette Al McGuire would have been able to replace Jim (The Deverest) Chones on the spur of the moment with Maurice Lucas. This is just to name five players who, frankly, have the potential to be as good as anyone in the game. And this is not to mention a sixth, Raymond Lewis, whom Los Angeles State is said to have coveted as a freshman, too, a *high school* freshman. Lewis, a 6' 2" guard, should not could, should—lead the country in scoring. This sophomore class—with Thompson and the rest—should become the best ever to enter college together.

If two different herds of brand new players weren't enough to foreshadow the radical shifts about to transform the sport, other evidence does. Oh, there are the token changes in the rules of the game, of course. (Don't get excited. The dunk has not been returned, basketball committees are still rather Cro-Magnon for such a good piece of work as that.) But the "common foul rule," eliminating free throws for the first six common fouls of each half, will both speed up the game and give hateret artists a nice excuse with which to protect their mayhem.

More indicative of an unmistakable

kind of conversion in the game are the prospects of some schools that before the last census scarcely were known to exist, much less to be able to contend.

On the following pages can be noticed their rise and the inevitable result: the absence from the Top 20 of several teams heretofore synonymous with such ratings and indeed with college basketball itself. Kentucky, North Carolina, Ohio State, Pennsylvania, Southern California and St. John's are in no way on the decline. They seem only to have been caught up with and, in many cases, passed by funny names somebody must have picked out of the small print in *Lorens's College Guide*.

Everybody knows that Alabama and SMU, for example, are football dems; that Southwestern Louisiana and Illinois State sound like institutions for indigent sharecroppers, that Oral Roberts is a TV special, Furman a vacuum cleaner, and that Canisius is one of those guys the Mafia takes for a swim in concrete Gueers. But there all of them are, right up alongside the giants. The truth is that overnight Alabama and SMU, riding herd with the University of Texas, have become national contenders in basketball with the addition of—right on!—freshmen. Furman has arrived with towering sophomores. Southwestern Louisiana and Illinois State boast two of the most exciting players in America, Dwight Lamar and Doug Collins. Oral Roberts has recruited everybody but Marjoe, is big, strong, fast, quick and, of course, without sin. And Canisius has Mel Montgomery.

The further truth is that there are more really good college teams in every neck and cranny than ever before, a lot of them even with a chance at the NCAA championship. As UCLA's John Wooden says, "It is now almost inconceivable for a major school not to have a strong basketball team."

Wooden's team probably is again the strongest one—according to Nasser's Dick Campbell, UCLA is in such good recruiting shape. "Wooden calls his high school prospects collect"—but there is wonderful balance everywhere. The Big Ten, Atlantic Coast, Southeast and Southwest conferences undoubtedly are stronger, top to bottom, than at any time in history. And there are other obscure leagues—typically, something called the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, which includes Long Beach, Pa-

cific, San Diego State and Raymond Lewis—that nobody in his right mind would care to mess with.

More and better athletes are responsible for all this, naturally, but the biggest factor is the economic realization that any tiny school or obscure university can get a couple of what the coaches like to call "supers," put a team out there and make a sure name for itself. In the last several years most of these new teams have entered the scene from the college-division ranks (Jacksonville, which has come the furthest, started in a church) and their clout has been on the upswing. Last season the three highest-scoring teams in the land were Oral Roberts, Southwestern Louisiana and Northern Illinois, the first two in their first years as university division teams, Northern Illinois in its fifth. Moreover, every single individual title was won by a player representing the new generation of major colleges. Lamar at USL was the scoring champion, Kent Marrens, the field-goal percentage leader, was from Athlete Christian (two years a major school). Greg Sturrick, who set a career record while winning the free-throw title, was from Southern Illinois (five years as a major). Kermit Washington, the rebound champion, was from American U. (six years). In fact, Washington can become only the seventh man to average more than 20 points and 20 rebounds for a career, joining a handful of gentlemen named Russell, Baylor, Si-las, Dukes, Gilmore and Erving.

Just as quickly as Washington and other large rebounders can return for 1972-73, however, they will be outglamoured by an astonishing number of talented huckster men. For if this is a year of anything, it is a year of the guard. Besides Lamar and Collins, there are Johnny Neumann of Mississippi and Brian Taylor of Princeton. Whoops, scratch them: they don't live here anymore. Pro-got 'em. There are Ed Ratelle of Long Beach, Kevin Joyce of South Carolina and Richard Juqua of Oral Roberts. Virginia has Barry Parkhill, UCLA has Larry Hollyfield, Providence has Ernie DeGregorio, Marshall has Mike D'Antoni, Michigan's Henry Wilmore, Memphis State's Larry Finch, Ohio State's Allan Hornyak and North Carolina's George Karl are others—and those are just the seniors.

Coaching is sure to rear its heterogeneous head anew this winter as a van-

(continued)



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guard of well-groomed, double-knitted and personable young fellows continue to assert themselves in what has turned into one of the most personally vicious businesses extant. What will college basketball do without Adolph Rupp? Mrs. him, above all. But the new Kentucky coach, Joe Hall, moves into a promising situation. As do Gale Catlett (Cincinnati), Glenn Potter (Brigham Young) and, at New Mexico, Norm Ellenberger, who has movie-star looks, a beautiful wife and a new school color, turquoise. Another color will be prominent when John Thompson, Fred Snowden, Ron Smalls and Lefty Driesell's former assistant, George Raveling, join Will Robinson of Illinois State as black coaches of major college teams—at Georgetown, Arizona, LIU and Washington State, respectively. Thompson and Snowden will rely on freshmen right away. Smalls is just 26 years old and Raveling may win some games on his charisma alone. Nobody will be surprised if Raveling's first proclamation out of Pullman is accompanied by *Hail to the Chief* chimes, V-signs and the words "We want to be the Maryland of the West."

What all of this means is that even while college basketball stumbles its way through the trauma of having its outstanding players raped away by that old devil greed, and at the same time the sport suffers the recurring embarrassment of total domination by a single team, it is undergoing a vast metamorphosis. Hopefully, this will insure that a UCLA-type tyranny never recurs. Right in the middle of this transformation are the freshmen. And right in the middle of them is a 6' 4" native of Bridgeport, Conn. named Walter Lockett (see cover).

One of the things the freshman-eligible rule has accomplished right away—and should continue to accomplish in the future—is a scatter-shot equalization of talent across the map. A young man goes to school where he can play—right now and a lot—and sometimes there is no room for him on a big-name campus. Any coach would make room for a Lockett or some others of this year's tall rookies—Major Jones, Robert Parish, Edmond Lawrence or Eugene Short. Yet these players selected relatively unknown schools. Jones joined his approximately 37 or so brothers at Albany (Ga.) State while Purdue is at Centenary, Lawrence at McNeese State and Short at Jackson State.

Three other fine big men chose to do their thing on football campuses, Leon Douglas at Alabama, Ira Terrell at SMU and Alvan Adams at Oklahoma. How quickly this latter trio blossoms will go a long way toward determining their teams' conference races. But give any one of the seven men to, say, Providence, and the Fliers would be that much closer to a national championship.

Lockett, a smooth, uncommonly mature swingman who broke just about every state scoring record while at Kolbe High School and is acclaimed for his unselfish, complete game rather than for his points, turned down many offers from more famous colleges to attend Ohio University. This is the same Ohio U. of the pleasantly different Mid-American Conference that upsets all those Big Ten teams early each season before being rudely slammed back to Athens by some NCAA tournament opponent in March. The team plays in an attractive, 13,000-seat Convocation Center, green all around. It wins some, then loses some. And Lockett loved it.

"I'll be frank," he says. "My father discussed with me where I should go. We thought about what many great players do—they go to be big fish in small ponds and I liked that. I didn't want to be a number. I wanted to be recognized. Look here, I had surgery on my knee this summer. I was behind everybody. But they waited for me here. They waited to work me in. You think the big names would have done that? Man, UCLA and Maryland have so many stars they'd forget me or send me home."

"Last year this team stunk on ice," he says. "but I swear, we'll be tough now. They get the ball to me in our two-guard front and I will positively freak. I mean, I will drive those rascals wild."

Coach Jim Snyder, whose team shared the MAC championship last season, says he will open the offense for Lockett; he is very aware of his star's value. "What Walter can do for us is raise the program to a point where other blue chip players will want to come here. I'm not going to hold him back."

"Forty points a game is unrealistic," says the young celebrity, who averaged 39 last season. "But I'll tell you this, I'm shooting it. I'll get 15 just hanging around, but I'm shooting it. The people be ravin' hell in the stands and lovin' it. I know Ohio gets second-best in publicity around here because of Ohio State.

But we've beaten them two straight and we can do it four more straight. I'll be followed here. I'll be known. I hope I can take the school with me."

Here is an obvious situation where a freshman refused fitting-in at a big place for the chance to turn a small place around (albeit Ohio didn't have far to turn). Other examples abound, including a rejection of UCLA by Steve Copp, a San Diego lad whom the Bruins wanted badly but who opted for his hometown school, San Diego State.

But there are many freshmen, on the other hand, whose feelings leaned in the opposite direction. Virginia's rangy 6'6" Wally Walker says, "If a freshman is going to be a star, the school can't have a good program." Nonsense. Virginia has a good program and Wally Wonderful, whom North Carolina's Dean Smith calls "the second coming of Rick Barry," is soon to be a star.

Almost everywhere one turns this season there will be new faces on good teams reaching for stardom. With all the bounty at Maryland, for instance, the Terps may only put it together for two freshmen guards, Mo Howard and John Lucas, can add the proper touches. Howard says a "motivating curiosity" to see if he could play with the best brought him to College Park. Lucas, the tennis flash, says he "seeks signs of greatness." Lefty Driesell says, "I don't want to throw them to the wolves." He may have to.

Much is expected of other freshmen as well. Larry Fogle, who attended high schools in Brooklyn and Detroit, once pausing long enough to throw in 73 points in three quarters of a game, will start for Southwestern Louisiana. Phil Sellers made a last-minute detour from Notre Dame to help boost Rutgers. Easterners Mike Sojourner and Tacky Burden went the other way to Utah. And so did Ron Lee—from Lexington, Mass. to Oregon. Bubbles Hawkins should blow freely for Illinois State. Greg Grady will be valuable defensive insurance for Florida State and 5'9" Frank Alaga may be responsible for St. John's tunneling safely out of the borough of Queens.

Sophomores, too, will be around to hang dreams on. David Vaughn is a mobile center who can run all night for Oral Roberts. Ron Haigler is thought to be the finest prospect yet to enroll at Penn. Maurice Presley and Louis

continued

Dunbar "can be great varsity players" says Guy Lewis at Houston. Southern California has Clint Chapman from Denver and Gus Williams from Mount Vernon, N.Y. Kentucky has a brilliant class, led by Kevin Grevey and Jim Dan Conner. And there are Henry Williams and Shawn Leftwich to join Coleman at Jacksonville.

There even will be combinations of freshmen and sophomores showing up in some schools' lineups. Like Marquette's Maurice Lucas and freshman Earl (Gosling) Tatum; Alabama's Douglas and sophomore Charles Cleveland; Michigan State's Lindsay Hairston and Cedric Milten; North Carolina's Don Washington and Mitch Kupchak.

Above all, there will be David Thompson and Raymond Lewis.

N.C. State, although on probation and ineligible for any national awards at the end of the season, deserves some accolade—perhaps the Ken-I. Ration trophy—for the absolute dogs appearing on its early-season schedule. Thompson, who says, "I have to prove myself," faces four teams before he ever gets the chance because the Wolfpack opens with Appalachian State, Atlantic Christian, Georgia Southern and South Florida. Woof, woof. Woof, woof. By that time his point average may in the 60s and a definite challenge to Lewis, who is a prodigy of the same stripe.

Lewis closed out his freshman year at Los Angeles State last March by scoring 50 points on a Friday night and 73 points (30 for 40 field goals) on Saturday for a nice 123 weekend, missing a spare in the 10th frame. He is a whirling, swirling sleek machine with the ball who shoots, 59', from the floor and has a spin-around move that makes others look infirm and obsolete. "There is no one in college who can turn me off one-on-one," says Lewis. "There probably is a whole defense that can but I haven't seen it yet. It will take 37 points a game to beat Lamar for the scoring championship. I think I can do it."

Lewis opens his own varsity career this week when the Diablos of Los Angeles State are the *best* team of the Elm City Classic in New Haven, Conn. What? If you can figure that one, you have discovered—as all these new men coming into it soon will—what the unpredictable, corny, crazy game of college basketball is all about.

MEN FOR ALL AGES

They're an odd lot, these coaches who will handle so much of the new talent in basketball. Outwardly similar—most seem cut from the same mod cloth of loud slacks, bright blazers and wide ties—their methods of coaching vary widely, from the drill-sergeant tactics of Minnesota's Bill Musselman (opposite) to the free think of Al McGuire, whose Marquette teams always look as if they're ready to go out in the alley and play. But the 12 shown here and on the ensuing pages share one refreshing attitude. All members of the new breed, they are approachable, ready to deal with their players—freshmen or seniors alike—as individuals and grown men, no longer as boys. They relate. As a result, they have had—or soon will have—success far beyond their rivals. Most appear in the Top 20, scouting reports for which begin on page 45, or among the best of the rest (page 60). And all are plotting to end UCLA's long reign.



Sharp recruiter to certain kind, Lou Henson (left) has led New Mexico State to five tournaments in six years.



Dave Garity, Dartmouth '59, left his alma mater to coach basketball-happy Providence, 21-6 last season.



Thanks in great measure to Bill Musselman, Minnesota has become a basketball power in the Big Ten.



Once lost for seven years at little Belmont Abbey, aggressive New Yorker Al McGuire (left) now laughs, fights and mostly wins at Marquette.



Newman Sloan of North Carolina State has rarely enjoyed outstanding talent but he has been Coach of the Year in three major conferences.



Brash, ambitious Denny Crum (at left above), former assistant to UCLA's John Wooden, will be pushed to equal his 26-5 first year at Louisville.

SCOUTING REPORTS

I

UCLA Over the summer UCLA players took their ease in Canada and Mexico while Coach John Wooden conducted clinics in Alaska and Spain. Though history's most successful coach spent time driving dog sleds through the Klondike and going barefoot in the Mediterranean rather than being chosen to coach the Olympic team (the USOC should again hang its head in shame), out-of-breath publishing types came running anyway. The result is a spate of Wooden books that will hit the market sometime between Christmas and Groundhog Day. Or right about the time UCLA should be roaring toward one of the most remarkable records in sport: 60 consecutive victories.

Having concluded That Championship Season for the sixth year in a row (and eight of the last nine), having gone undefeated (30-0) for the third time and won 32 straight NCAA tournament games and having invented the pom-pom girl, all that is left for the Bruins is to puff the magic 60. If all goes well they would do that on Jan. 27 at Notre Dame, which is back home in Indiana where it all started for Wooden ages ago.

As always, UCLA is well prepared. Though Henry Bibby's long-range bombing is gone, the Bruins are so deep and talented his departure will hardly be noticed. Formerly, opponents had to honor Bibby from outside and play an honest game inside. Now more deep zones will collapse on the big men and challenge somebody to fling the long ones. That somebody might be 6' 11" Sven Nater, the rage of the Olympic team before he nearly starved to death in training camp and blew the joint for the nearest cheeseburger house. If Nater gets rag arm from too many shots or rag mouth from too few French fries, there is Ralph Drollinger, a skinny 7' freshman who has a nice touch but not enough muscle.

Wooden will continue his swarming "containment" defense and one-guard-with-wingmen offense. The rebounding wing is Dave Meyers, a local boy whom Wooden calls "my gangly coit—he's getting it together." Contesting the point position are Tommy Curtis, the bowlegged fireball who ignited the Bruins to their NCAA title victory over Florida State last March, and sophomore Andre McCarter. Curtis, "an inspirational, crazy guy" according to one teammate, never lets a team rest—his own or the opponents'; he is probably ahead of McCarter, who has as much physical equipment as any backcourt man in the land. At the shooting wing senior Larry Hollyfield has experience and 40 pounds on sophomore Pete Trgovich, whose floppy body, Serbian features and innovative moves are the image of another Pete named Maravich.

All are so good that two of them, probably Hollyfield and maybe Curtis, could even make the first team. Oh, you noticed that—a few names missing. Well, it is true. UCLA's second team could be ranked No. 1. As it is, the scrubs on this possibly best of all teams will have to watch Bill Walton, Keith Wilkes, Larry Farmer and Greg Lee run up the scores before they get in to mop up. It looks like another season to write a book about.

2

FLORIDA STATE Yearly, Florida State has the only collegiate circus in the nation. Called Flying High, it is described by university publicists as a year-round extravaganza designed to delight folks from eight to 80, and apparently it does. In spring it plays at Tallahassee, home of the Seminoles, and in summer it moves up north to Calaway Gardens in Georgia.

The name of the show could just as well be applied to the FSU basketball team, which has been flying high and delighting its fans ever since it soared into last season's NCAA final. The team uses no trapezes, to be sure, but it has a cast that includes a King and a Cole and together they are making Coach Hugh Durham a merry old soul. King's first name is Ron and his high-arching shots last year were strictly out of the Karl Wallenda playbook. When Durham wants to expand on the act, he sends Otis Cole out on the wing, from which far-off vantage spot he provides his own occasional spectacular.

Four starters return from the cool and collected team that lost by only five points to UCLA. It was the closest any school had come to the Bruins in the national championship game in light years.

The Seminoles are strong up the middle with Lawrence McCray, one year older and 20 pounds heavier, at the low post and dependable Reggie Royals at the high post. That perpetrator of larceny, Otis Petty, who alternated at one guard with Greg Samuel last year, has moments when he runs the offense as well as anyone. Just a split-second slower than a hummingbird, he also has been known to throw perfect passes to infinity. Sophomore Dennis Burke, slightly more conservative, should provide consistency when Petty isn't humming.

Florida State lost three valuable men, Samuel, Rowland Garrett and the versatile Ron Harris. But as Petty says, "We lost three pretty good dudes and got ourselves four pretty good dudes in return." Burke and 6' 9" freshman Greg Grady are both out of the New York area and will be eased in gradually. Two spectacular junior-college additions will complement King and Cole. Benny (Glide) Clyde, who has moves the dancers down at The Electric Eye, the town's soulful disco, would appreciate, is one. He moves smoothly upcourt and then suddenly takes off to drive on the basket or catapult himself to the top of Tully Gym for a one-handed rebound.

Showman Durham also has an O.J.—as anybody from orange-juice country should—Otis Johnson, to be more precise. O.J. is simply a stronger version of Clyde. Where Clyde will finesse opponents, O.J. will hit them like a glass of the stuff on the morning of a hangover. "The Man," which is what his players call Durham, has shown every indication of being pleased with either result. Clyde has a reputation for being belligerent, but King, his roommate, says, "He does not smile much and people think he's mean. But basically he's a pretty good guy." Well, it's not a rave review, but there will be plenty of those before next spring. On with the show and the high flyers.

CONTINUED

MARYLAND Lefty Driesell, who has enjoyed neither luck nor success in tournament competition over the years, went out a winner for the first time last spring. Although the NIT championship was not exactly the one Maryland was after, it did relieve certain early aggravations and give the Terrapins precisely what they deserved. "I was emotionally worn out when it was over," says Lefty. "It was a very tough year. We started slowly and played badly. When we finally came on at the end we were playing great. I figured I deserved a rest so I took my family to Florida. But then I started worrying about next year and what all the other coaches were doing to get ready. I was home in four days."

Driesell, by his own admission, really does not have that much to fret over. After welcoming back the eight top players from a 27-5 team, he said, "This is the best situation I've ever been in. The only thing we have to worry about is overconfidence."

There seems little danger of that taking hold, especially with so many newcomers pushing veterans for playing time if not starting jobs. Big fellows like sophomores Owen Brown and Tom Roy. Little fellows like freshmen John Lucas and Maurice (Mo) Howard. From them should come the strong rebounding forward and the steady backcourt hand to help make a good team a better one. Game after game last season it was plain that if just one person could move the ball consistently the Terps would be terrorists.

The most prominent returnees are Tom McMillen, the 6' 11" shooter who plays excellent defense, and Len Elmore, a superb rebounder and shot blocker. McMillen has survived what Driesell feels was the most pressure ever to face one of his players. "People have to realize that Tom is not a dominant-type player like a Jabbar or a Thurmond," says Lefty. With fewer responsibilities around the basket, the NIT's Most Valuable Player should be even more effective. Nobody ever has doubted that he can shoot. And nobody ever has doubted Elmore's abilities under the basket, although there is some question whether his knees, often hurt, can stand up to the pounding they get all season long.

Dependable Bob Bodell brings his long-range scoring eye to one guard position, and Jim O'Brien, the team's second-leading scorer behind McMillen, will again be effective coming off the bench. Because of knee trouble and general inconsistency, Howard White may lose out to Lucas, a Junior Davis Cup tennis player who would be happy to decide the position with a Ping-Pong match. "After all," asks Lucas, "you want to go with a winner, right?"

Maryland most likely will be less susceptible to the hazards of Atlantic Coast Conference road play where all of their loves came last year. But the ACC tournament presents another problem. For mental and physical agony, Lefty believes it is tougher than the final round of the NCAA. Of course, never having played there, he doesn't really know. But he'd like to find out—and possibly win.

ORAL ROBERTS Even if they did not have one of the best shooters, one of the best sophomores, one of the best junior-college transfers and seven, eight or maybe 78 other guys who are among the best something or others, the Titans of Oral Roberts University would have a lot of the good things in life going for them. After all, the school's modernistic Prayer Tower sends out heavenly signals 24 hours a day. At Oral Roberts, whether the appendix is going skyward or toward the referees, winning is an around-the-clock proposition.

The Titans lost but two of 26 games last season, their first as a major college, when they set an NCAA record for scoring and led the nation in rebounding. A 100-point game at ORU, in fact, is just about as hot-hint as someone throwing away his crutches after a session with the school's founder, President Oral Roberts, the dynamic minister who believes that a winning basketball team can help spread the faith.

Located on 500 gently rolling acres at the southeastern fringe of Tulsa, Okla., ORU began sprouting its widely spaced blue, gold and white buildings of futuristic steel and glass in 1962. Now the young Davids are ready to venture forth to play the Goliaths of college basketball. Only this time their leader is a 7' sophomore, David Vaughn. He was the object of a vigorous recruiting tug-of-war between Memphis State and Oral Roberts. The Tennessee school thought it had tugged for most of the rope when Vaughn met and fell in love with star Memphis State Guard Larry Finch's sister (whom Vaughn later married), but David's father is a minister and the president showed up in person one day and... well, mortal love lasts only for a lifetime.

Vaughn will give the Titans something they lacked last winter, size inside to go with some size outside shooting by Guard Richard Iuqua. Iuqua's long-range jump shots averaged 35.9 points per game last year, just half a point away from leading the nation, and a chart of his shots showed that those taken farther from the basket fell in more often than those closer. Iuqua, who has an odd, loose-jointed way about him in the court, was about under 25 points three times. On those nights the Titans won two games by a point and lost the other. Vaughn's addition allows high-jumping Eddie Woods to move to forward, where he will be joined by junior-college recruit Greg McDougald. The other guard spot will be filled by Larry Baker, a 6' 4" senior who played on the same high school team as Iuqua. By no means does the ability end there. On the bench there are plenty of reserves to spell the regulars when the pace becomes too fast.

The Titans play a more arduous schedule than before, but with their new and old talent, plus a little help from the Prayer Tower, winning the close ones should be no problem. "You know," mused Coach Ken Trickey one day, lifting his eyes skyward, "it just seems that when it comes down to that last-second shot, the one you must make, the ball always goes in for us."

5

MARQUETTE As a basketball school Marquette represents a purgatorial stage for high schoolers waiting to turn pro. It is a place where a player's bad habits get corrected quickly—by the competition or the sympathetic coaching or, more likely, both. He learns to perform in a style popular with pro scouts, knowing that the NBA and ABA keep their eyes on Marquette and its iconoclastic coach, Al McGuire, who looks like a young priest, sounds like an Eastern dock worker but thinks and talks like a sociologist. There are no rabid strictures and very little rah-rah in McGuire's coaching liturgy. He is a free spirit who encourages his team to be every bit as adventurous.

On the first afternoon of practice, 15 hours after some coaches have already begun with a midnight scrimmage and others have sent their men huffing through a mile run or into an imitation pickup to retrieve a loose ball, McGuire is talking about the last time he saw Charlie Scott play and his choice (which he prefers to keep to himself) of the best referee in the NBA. "The playoffs are the only thing," he says, talking about the NBA but perhaps thinking about the NCAA tournament. "All the rest is garbage." So, to hear McGuire, is all that mystery surrounding coaching.

"Look," he says, "the kids I get should already be blue-chip thoroughbreds. All I have to do is teach them a little discipline and the rest is a jelling of the minds. I try to start my seniors; I feel I owe them that. And we try to showcase our black players for the pros, because making it is very important within their culture."

"You can't lecture these boys all the time, so occasionally I have medical, legal and business people advise them on how to run their lives. Last week a couple of FBI agents came in and told them there were maybe three bad places in town to stay out of—and two of them were my favorites."

To keep his players out of the kind of weekend mischief he sometimes cannot avoid himself, McGuire holds scrimmages from eight to 10 p.m. on Friday and Saturday nights. "I'm surprised other teams don't do the same," he says. "By the time my boys get to the parties they have to really pour it on to catch up." McGuire is betting that they won't, but if they do he tells them to stay out of his part of town.

The beneficiaries of this liberal education are four starters from last year's 25-4 team—Forwards Larry McNeill and George (Sugar) Franzer and Guards Marcus Washington and Al's son, Alie—and 6' 8" sophomore Maurice Lucas, who, many believe, is already better than either Jim Chones or Bob LaKey. Throw in—should McGuire decide to play him—freshman Earl Tamm, who is only a step behind Lucas, reserve Guard Ed Daniels and backup Center Mike Mills and, *twofold* the ingredients for a stay-at-home stew, the reason why McGuire turned down two pro coaching offers, one for some \$90,000 from the Philadelphia 76ers. No matter what town Marquette plays, the pros are always in the wings.

6

SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA While all the Academics down in Lafayette wait in terror that the big, bad NCAA will sentence Southwestern Louisiana to the electric chair, the man with the golden arm and the man with the plastic knuckle go on about their business. That means Dwight (Bo Pete) Lamar, firing those rockets from somewhere out in the bayous, and Roy Ebron, waiting for a miss so he can jam it back in. While leading his team to a 25-4 record, Lamar took 949 shots last season, made 36 points a game and became the first man ever to lead the university division in scoring a year after he had led the college division. The 6' 9" Ebron averaged 23 points and 14 rebounds despite playing with a fractured finger the second half of the year after taking one mighty leap and jamming it on a backboard. The big fellow finally had a pink plastic knuckle reinforcement inserted during the off-season, so he should be well again. As for Lamar, he is always in the pink. "From 35 feet I'm 50-50 to make the shot," says the handsome point champion. "If I miss a couple, the coach says, 'Shoot in a little.'"

Coach Beryl Shipley's team came so far so fast that a lot of people scouted in a little and started enough investigations to make old Blackham Coliseum look like a Creole Watergate. The results were that Shipley was put on a two-year probation period by the school administration and warnings were heard of further penalties from the NCAA. "I'm just sittin' and hopin'," says Shipley with as fine a country "in" Western drawl as anyone this side of Fernin Husky.

The coach faces other questions: how to fire up Ebron, who sometimes squanders his considerable talent by pointing and getting into foul trouble; who to blame for a monstrous road schedule that includes away games with Las Vegas, Jacksonville, Cincinnati, Houston, Oral Roberts and Hawaii twice; and where he can find a court big enough to hold both Lamar and the excellent freshman, Larry Fogle.

The Cajuns will not be as physical as last year but they should be quicker and more versatile. Tall Guard Jerry Bisbano is a solid, active veteran who complements Lamar well (meaning he passes to him) while junior Fred Saunders and 6' 6" redshirt Robert (Turkey) Wilson are big and quick enough to play either inside or out. Another freshman, 6' 8" Andee Brown, is a sleeper behind Ebron.

To correct the team's bad habit of gaping when Lamar is groping, Saunders, who has the touch but not the thrust, is being ordered to shoot more. The leaping Fogle, who has the thrust and the touch, needs no such encouragement. The youngster gives up the ball only on alternate Tuesdays and already in practice Lamar looks frustrated, a Bo Pete who has lost his sheep. The Cajuns ragged all the way to the Midwest Regional last season and they are capable of carrying on a lot further. Ebron has to stay in the games, of course, and the NCAA wolf has to stay away from the door.

CONTINUED

7

MINNESOTA Neither Ohio State nor Minnesota is fully recovered from the infamous brawl of last January. The bloodied Buckeyes, who won the game but lost the rumble, never regained their nerve and missed out on a second straight conference championship. Minnesota won, but is still concerned.

"Much has been made of our 6-4 collapse following that game," an OSU official said. "But Minnesota, having lost a starter and a sixth man and what with all that was said about them, could easily have been the ones who cracked under the pressure. They didn't, though, and we played like zombies the rest of the way." Which is one good reason why the Gophers are expected to win the conference again, if at last they do not succumb to the pressure of all that bad publicity.

To recapitulate, after the unbroglio Ron Behagen and Corky Taylor were suspended and Coach Bill Musselman, who won his players', if not his country's, lasting respect by supporting them strongly, was left with only four starters, four substitute guards and a baseball player to finish out the season. Miraculously, they won. Now Behagen and Taylor are back and there are three new faces around to reinforce the Iron Five that Musselman went with after the Ohio State game.

Heading the team is Olympian Jim Brewer, the Big Ten's Most Valuable Player. Taylor is behind him along with 7' freshman Tommy Barker. Clyde Turner, who scored 19 of the Gophers' 64 points per game, is a fixture at one forward. Bruiser Dave Wanfield may go to the bench now that sleek Behagen and his 17 points per game are off suspension. Bob Nix and Keith Young man the guard positions, but sophomore Greg Olson could shoot his way into prominence and junior-college All-American Bob Larsen will back up Young. Going into practice Minnesota was impressive and nothing it has done since offers much in the way of aid and comfort to opponents.

But what of the trouble? Musselman is willing to make a personal apology to Ohio State's Fred Taylor, but Taylor says he can never bring himself to respond. "I'm just country enough," he said not long ago, "to think it all comes home to roost someday." The players, on the other hand, appear to have settled, if not forgotten, their differences. Brewer and OSU's Luke Witte, the stomped-on victim of the Minnesota-Ohio State nongame, played on the same Olympic Trials team, and Turner and Ohio's Dan Gerhardt toured Australia as Big Ten all-stars. In both instances the players talked over their differences privately, then refused to answer any questions put to them by the press. They proceeded to play like teammates from the same school.

Yet the tension refuses to go away. Already scheduled for national television—surely because of anticipated public interest—is the first rematch on Feb. 10 at Ohio State. If the atmosphere becomes recharged, Minnesota may well feel fortunate that it led the nation in defense last year. Defense could come in handy.

8

NORTH CAROLINA STATE Before they start writing songs about him, putting his face on the front of cereal boxes, spreading his exploits from campfire to campfire and negotiating professional contracts with more zeroes in them than the Japanese air force had during World War II, here are the simple facts about the 6' 4" basketball phenomenon known as David (Doctor D.) Thompson. He is quiet, shy, cooperative and friendly, which is to say, in some respects a normal sophomore. That North Carolina State's fervor to recruit him two years ago put the school on probation this season is not his fault—and neither he nor his coach is worried all that much about the stigma anyway. What is a rule or two when you have a player ahead who has already been recruited by Purdue Coach Fred Schaus one of the 10 best, pro or college, in the country today?

Now to more basic information. Doctor D. Thompson is a player with a 42-inch vertical jump, which means he gets that high off the floor without benefit of a run. He is a player who is being called the best ever in the Atlantic Coast Conference even before opponents' first curses have sounded. A player, furthermore, who will hereafter be known around Reynolds Coliseum as The Franchise.

"David is the heart of our plans," says Coach Norman Sloan. "We're going to keep him around the basket and work awfully hard to get the ball to him. If he is stopped we'll be hurt, but it's a chance I'm willing to take. He is the best I have ever seen. There is something about the way he moves and acts that says great. Because of him it is justifiable to say we'll have one of the best teams in the country this year."

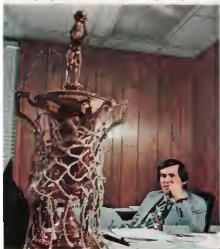
As for David Thompson, 18, the youngest of 11 children from a poor black family in Shelby, N.C., he only hopes people aren't expecting too much. "I'm not sure what they want," he says, preferring to play his game unobtrusively, listen to soul music and go to school. It was not so long ago that the big kids in his neighborhood came to his house, took his ball, used his goal and refused to let him play. "I would go off and hide so they wouldn't see me cry," he says.

These, then, are a few of the truths concerning David Thompson. They will be obscured and enlarged upon if he is the player people believe him to be or forgotten if he is something less, which is not very likely.

Should there be even slight shippage in the Thompson image, Sloan and the Wolfpack will not cancel the schedule. There is 7' 4" Tommy Burleson, the top rebounder and second-leading scorer in the ACC last year who is doing everything better. There is Joe Cafferky, an excellent shooter who has gladly changed positions to let an 5' 7" Montie Towe, a "playmaking huzz saw," according to Sloan. And there are enough forward candidates to fill two lineups. Returnee Rick Holdt may start early but Tim Stoddard or Steve Nuce could fit Sloan's plans better. Those plans will include running, shooting and pressure defense, but mostly David Thompson.

CONTINUED

After a remarkable junior college record, Jerry Turkman (right) made a winner of Long Beach State but still must solve the problem of UCLA.



Flamboyant dresser Joe Williams, ex-Jacksonville coach, thinks Farnas can take the Southern Conference title from East Carolina.



Bill Foster, who left Rutgers for Utah and found the WAC difficult in his first season, may produce the big surprise in the Rockies this season.



Despite a 1954 record at Oklahoma, John MacLeod (right) has earned a reputation as a superb teacher.



Florida State reached the NCAA final in 1972 under Hugh Durham and hopes to improve on that in '73.



Dexter Phelps, who now serves as a Press assistant and Fordham head coach, ran into Duke at Notre Dame.



9

LONG BEACH STATE To the surprise of many, including themselves, Coach Jerry Tarkanian and his star, Ed Ratleff, have returned for another year at the sprawling campus on the banks of the California oil slicks. After their team won 25 games and a third straight Pacific Coast Athletic Association championship, the friendly Armenian received another flock of coaching bids while Ratleff was a first-round draft of the Indiana Pacers. Fortunately their loyalty to school and each other plus the usual pleasing prospects at Long Beach made it easy enough to turn down all the offers. In gratitude the school gave Tarkanian a full professorship and his own office while Ratleff was guaranteed another wonderful of joy watching 7' teammate Nate Stephens go one-on-one with Rip Van Winkle.

The 49ers for sure need a wide-awake big man because much of their inside depth (namely Chuck Torry, Eric McWilliams and Bob Lynn) has graduated. Last year Tarkanian could withstand the uncoordinated defense and shooting lapses of Stephens and mammoth (6'8", 240-pound) Leonard Gray because he had so many other people. Now the two are the ones. Tarkanian says Stephens "has changed his life pattern" and is working hard (Big Nate hits the sack early these days since the coach convinced him "inhaling midnight air is poisonous") but his concentration span still is suspect, say, after it passes the 15-second mark.

Long Beach will run more, play its scratchy 1-2-2 zone and try to get the ball anywhere on the floor to the marvelous Ratleff. The rest of the 49er backcourt previously looked more like old Oscar Mayer (heh, heh—weeners) but that may be remedied by the arrival of Ernie Douse from Boys High in New York and the change in attitude of Lamont King. Douse is a sleek 6'6" sophomore who can fly, score and deliver an exciting array of shots. Moreover, he is cooperative and coachable, which is an upset of sorts at Long Beach. King was to be last year's playmaker before he flopped, was surly and created dissension with sniping criticism of Ratleff; now he is a changed man, sacrificing his shooting, smiling at everybody and quietly becoming the finest defensive player on the team. "I'm not letting anyone down this year," he says. King is backed up by JC transfer Rick Abernethy, who passes with flair, and veteran Tom Motley, while Douse will alternate at one wing with Glenn McDonald.

Up front Gray, who has lost 10 pounds (he actually played at 250 before) and Stephens should scare enough people to enable blond Phil Hicks (late of Loyola of New Orleans) to get in some hot licks. Also expected to help the cause is walk-on Kyle Jackson, who lacks experience but may be the best shooter-jumper the 49ers have. Long Beach has toughened the schedule, moved its home games from a tiny campus gym to the 12,000-seat downtown arena and contracted to play in four tournaments before the New Year. Hopefully all will end sometime before midnight; Stephens has to get in out of that air.

10

MEMPHIS STATE It has been a long time since notes of optimism were heard along historic Beale Street in Memphis, the Mississippi port that contributed so much to jazz, but the Memphis State Tigers lately have made their fans so lyrical that they have plagiarized a song to extol their chances. It's called: "Meet Me in St. Louis, Wooden."

Whether Memphis State can get humming and face UCLA and John Wooden in the NCAA finals up the river next spring depends on Coach Gene Bartow's ability to weave some new and admittedly impressive talent around seniors Larry Finch and Ronnie (Big Cat) Robinson, who led the Tigers to the NIT last season.

The scholarly Bartow would seem ideally suited for the job. Before he arrived at MSU in 1970, someone looking at the Tigers' record might have concluded it was compiled by players with sloping foreheads who walked with their fingers dragging along the ground. Using a ball-control system, the team trudged to a 20-56 mark in the previous three years and, worse, won only three games in the Missouri Valley Conference. Bartow replaced the Neanderthal era with the Age of Aquarius. "He taught us to love each other," remembers Finch, the team's best songbird. Love—and let's admit it, a far sprightlier style of basketball—produced an 18-8 record, then last year's 21-7 mark and an MVC co-title.

The benefits of improvement are evident: new wall-to-wall carpeting in the coaches' offices; a sold-out home court—the Mid-South Coliseum where attendance doubled after Bartow arrived—and a cluster of conspicuous junior-college transfers and freshmen, all eager to join a winner. Bartow says any of five freshmen has star potential. Among them are two big guards, Bill Cook, a high school All-American from Memphis who broke Johnny Neumann's city and state scoring records, and Clarence Jones, who turned down pro baseball offers to play basketball. The others include a 6'10" center who, at 17, is still sprouting and a pair of big forwards. Where is the NCAA being played in 1976?

More immediate help is expected from Center Larry Kenon, a junior-college All-American at Amarillo. He joins Finch, whom Bartow calls "the best college guard in the country," and Robinson, a teammate of Finch's since they were students in a Memphis junior high school. "If I had a choice of any big man in the country, Ronnie's got to be my pick," says Finch. "I can't play without him. He's just like a brother."

Finch is an extremely accurate outside shooter under pressure. With Kenon and Robinson, plus help from junior Ken Andrews, the best-shooting big man on the team, or Wes Westfall, another junior-college transfer, the opposition may have to play hard defense against the Tigers since Finch is notorious for letting the chorus sing. "If you score 50 points, your teammates aren't shooting and they're not happy," says Finch. "I'd rather win. It's not how many you score. It's how many you win."

CONTINUED



PROVIDENCE Alumni Hall always was too small; there was something about a 3,300-seat arena that seemed awfully pricey for the big-time Friars. Indeed, with NIT and ECAC Holiday Festival championship banners draped from the rafters, the place seems hardly big enough even for practices. This is never more evident than when Providence is running its fast break, which is most of the time. It is spectacular and at every session there should be thousands of New Englanders on hand going bananas.

Starting Dec. 11, there can be 11,215 of the breed watching the Friars at the new Providence Civic Center, where the team will play 16 of its 26 regular-season games. If the Friars are looking for a nickname for their new home they could do worse than call it Marvin Gardens. The King of Marvin Gardens—if Actor Jack Nicholson will allow the comparison—is Marvin Barnes, the leading rebounder at the Olympic Trials who somehow failed to make the team. “They picked the best all-around team,” Barnes says without much conviction. “I went out there knowing I wasn’t going to make it. People told me there would be politics involved. I wanted to prove I could be the leading rebounder and I was. I played tough and two coaches told me to stop playing street ball or ghetto ball and play civilized.”

Providence runs a very civil fast break when Barnes gets the ball off the defensive backboard and clears it to Ernie DiGregorio—the best playmaker in New England and one of the best in the country. “Ernie isn’t too fast,” says Coach Dave Gavitt. “If I lined up my players and told them to run baseline to baseline, he would finish near the end. But if I had them do it dribbling a ball, just watch where he would finish.” And watch where he would pass the ball if Gavitt ordered that. DiGregorio seems to have six pairs of eyes and four hands, all with a soft touch.

Both DiGregorio and Barnes, a junior, could be pros next year. Barnes received substantial offers this spring but resisted. Ironically, the school almost lost him in October when he and 6’10” Larry Kervitius had an argument in the cafeteria after a hard practice. Kervitius came out of it with a broken cheekbone that required surgery. “I’m definitely sorry the whole thing happened,” Barnes says, and then, uncharacteristically, “there was nothing to it.”

Two other starters, Fran Costello and Charlie Crawford, return, as does Nehru King, a valuable sixth man. Kevin Stacon, a transfer from Holy Cross, probably will start at guard with DiGregorio. “We can be better from a standpoint of how well we play, if not our win-loss record,” Gavitt says. The Friars were 21-6 last year and could improve if—among other things—Costello, an agile 6’8” swingman, shoots more often. Costello has been known to wear his custom-made bowler and spats or a zoot suit on occasion. He has also referred to himself as an anachronism, but he just may have the last word on Alumni Hall: “I know the Civic Center will be great for the program and I’m pleased. But personally I will miss the viable audience response at Alumni Hall.”



CINCINNATI When you’ve got it, flaunt it—don’t make turnovers. That, essentially, is the philosophy of Gale Catlett, the young, enthusiastic and untired coach who has plans to shake off the dust coating on Cincinnati basketball. Cincinnati fans will be escorted to their seats by demure young ladies, the team will take the floor in snazzy redesigned uniforms and then unveil its nifty new ball handling and pregame routines. The arena will be darkened, the starting lineups will run through a spotlighted hoop to be introduced and girls in hot pants will sing the national anthem. The best will follow, for this year’s team could be stronger than any since the Bearcats won national titles back in 1961 and 1962.

Since those days, two coaches, Ed Jucker and Tay Baker, abruptly announced their resignations in mid-season. Even though Cincinnati has had 19 straight winning seasons, home crowds began dwindling a few years ago and the always vocal alumni clamored for something besides passing drills. Catlett will give them a pro-style running game and multiple defenses plus pattern basketball on occasion. His theories are a mélange of ideas picked up during stints as an assistant coach to Lefty Driesell at Davidson, to Ted Owens at Kansas and to Adolph Rupp at Kentucky. In an obvious effort to relate to the players on a team that was openly critical of Baker last year, Catlett has retained his predecessor’s assistants, none of whom is over 34 years of age.

Following Baker’s announcement of his resignation, Cincinnati won 10 of its final 12 games, beating such nationally ranked teams as Florida State, Jacksonville and Southwestern Louisiana. “Once the pressure was off Tay,” explains senior Guard Dave Johnson, “he took it off us. He’d come into the locker room, laughing and joking and say, ‘Just go out and play.’ And that’s what we did.” Earlier in the season the abrasiveness of young sophomore Lloyd Batts, plus rumors that Batts and Derrick Dickey were talking to the pros, contributed to some lackadaisical performances, especially away from home.

Catlett has everyone back, plus a junior-college transfer, Ron Hightower, who can play forward or guard. Assistant Coach Tony Yates, the floor leader of those NCAA title teams, thinks Hightower will move right into the starting lineup and Catlett agrees. Batts and Dickey averaged 36 points and 20 rebounds a game between them last year, but the Bearcats missed muscle in the middle. There are hopes that sophomore Mike Franklin, who weighs 235, can supply that. With a plethora of big men that includes junior Jesse Jemison, Catlett probably will use a one-guard offense with four wing men, letting either Johnson or junior Dan Murphy run the show.

That takes care of the team, and those nestle-some alumni are taking care of Catlett. One fellow clapped in with a nice deal on a Cadillac, a real-estate man found the coach a \$65,000 house and one day in the fall another supporter mowed Catlett’s lawn. Obviously, some people think the Bearcats are ready to run.

I3

MICHIGAN Cazzie Russell was a legend in the Big Ten. Take Crisler Arena, where the Wolverines have played basketball since 1967. In Ann Arbor it is known as "the house that Cazzie built" even though he played his last college game a year before it was opened. Russell laid the foundation for its construction by leading the Michigan teams of 1964-66 to three consecutive conference titles, something old Yost Fieldhouse had not seen in 16 years. Back then, his baskets produced a sizzling "Cazzie R-r-russell" from the public-address announcer. And now that R-r-russell will sound again, many times over, with a slight variation. It will be "Campy R-r-russell."

Campanella Russell should be every bit as good as his name sounds. A 6' 8" forward, he was selected as the outstanding high school player in the country two years ago. He is from nearby Pontiac, where main street is named Wide Track Drive, and that's a pretty good description of Campy's move to the basket when he vrooms past a defender. His presence in the Michigan lineup will, among other positive things, relieve All-America Henry Wilmore from the pressure of all those "... best since Cazzie Russell" headlines, and he will make the Wolverines a more powerful contender than they have been recently with only Wilmore's brilliance to sustain them.

As a freshman, Campy Russell averaged a point for every minute he played on a 12-0 team that beat the varsity late in the season. That varsity finished 14-10, quite a record considering that Coach Johnny Orr had to do without 6' 10" Center Ken Brady for the first dozen games and without Wilmore for four.

Brady, the conference's leading percentage shooter as a sophomore, and Wilmore, its highest scorer over the last two years, are the senior co-captains and both are anxious to take something of value with them when they leave, like a championship. So are Forwards John Lockard and Ernie Johnson, who combined for 26 points and 19 rebounds a game in 1971. They are joined by sophomore Joe Johnson, a superbly who will play guard alongside Wilmore in a first-six alignment that rivals the brothers from Minnesota in size and ability.

An excellent fellow to talk to, Orr has never been accused by his peers of being an excellent coach, and he will have to prove that he can guide all this sophomore-senior talent through a Big Ten that promises to be strongest overall in years. Michigan averaged more than 17 turnovers a game last season and Orr's idea of defense is to score a lot of points and hope for a wide victory margin. The Wolverines won big and lost big.

There is a feeling around the league that this team has so much talent it is impossible to squander. If true, Wilmore will have been smart waiting around one more year instead of signing a pro contract, and Russell in selecting Michigan over hundreds of other schools. In a way, Campy had to go to Michigan. He has been trying to live up to Cazzie's reputation since junior high. Anyway, "R-r-russell" has kind of a ring to it.

I4

HOUSTON In the Astrodome and in their own stately pleasure dome, Hofheinz Pavilion, the Houston Cougars have won 26 games while losing only one over the last two seasons. On the road, perhaps troubled by jet lag, lumpy hotel mattresses or highwaymen disguised as referees, their record is a lackluster 16-12. The obvious solution—to be a constant stay-at-home and receive callers in the manner of a trap-door spider—is, by luck or design, at hand this year. Coach Guy V. Lewis' team plays 13 of its last 16 games at Hofheinz Pavilion and seems almost a certainty to be picked for the NCAA Tournament (its 10th in 14 years). If they get by one qualifying game on a neutral court, then the Cougars move to the seminals of the Midwest Regional in—that's correct—Hofheinz Pavilion.

Chances are that even with a Harlem Globetrotters traveling schedule, this Houston team would finish among the nation's best. The Cougars lost All-America Forward Dwight Davis, a first-round draft pick by both pro leagues, but they get back and add enough frontcourt muscle and height to make people at Hofheinz forget Dwight in a hurry. The most impressive of the big men is Dwight No. 2, the homegrown Dwight Jones, a 6' 10" junior who started for the U.S. Olympic team. Jones appears too slender to hold his own under the backboards, but he is deceptively strong and is tougher and more aggressive for having battled his way through Munich. He gets good practice competition from sophomore Maurice Presley, also listed at 6' 10" but perhaps a full inch taller than that even without his Afro. Lewis has installed double-low post plays so he can use both stingers at the same time.

The Cougars also have two-year starting Forward Steve Newsome, one of the few top major-college basketball players to come out of the state of Mississippi, and a tall, talented freshman, David Marrs, plus Sidney Edwards, who played little last year but looked good when he did. In fact, Lewis is so loaded with forwards and centers that he may move 6' 9" sophomore Louis Dunbar to guard, which under ordinary circumstances could damage Houston's useful full-court press and perhaps leave it vulnerable to other teams' presses were not Dunbar so good. The son of a deputy sheriff in Minden, La., he grew up not far from Bernice, hometown of Willis Reed, and Rayville, which produced Elvin Hayes. Dunbar had impressive scoring and rebounding averages as a freshman (27.5, a school record, and 15.3) and Lewis claims, "He can handle the ball well enough to bring it downcourt on a press."

Houston pleads poverty when it comes to playmaking guards, but both starters, Jerry Bonney and Donnell Hayes, are back and they will be pushed by, among others, Ed Raska, who transferred in when Loyola of New Orleans dropped basketball, and sophomore Vinnie Caruso of Puerto Rican and Italian descent from New York City, who broke John Roche's records at LaSalle Academy, California, Cincinnati, Jacksonville, Southwestern Louisiana *et al.*, welcome to Mr. Hofheinz' friendly parlor.

CONTINUED

JACKSONVILLE Dr. Drayton Miller was coaching the Jacksonville University freshmen last year when he was approached by a member of the school's Century Club, The Super Six, as the freshmen team was galled—on it were six high school All-Americans—was on its way to the lockers after scoring 93 points and the man was upset that he had missed seeing them play. "Why did you start early?" he asked Miller. "We began on time," was the reply. "Stick around and watch the second half." The Baby Dolphins finished with 153 points and by the time the season was over had broken every school record for a 25-game schedule. The team received so much publicity that a 10-minute film clip was shown on a major television network. "No matter where I go," says Don Beasley, another assistant coach and recruiter, "people tell me they saw that film and they want to know if we really are going to be that good this year."

Head Coach Tom Wasdin also wonders. "I know we are young and strong and quick," he says, "but how do we gain experience? There is only one way and that is under the gun." And against the sternest schedule the school has yet attempted. "Our goal each year is a post-season tournament and I don't want people saying, 'How good can they be? They don't play anyone,'" Wasdin says. And then the awfulness of that statement strikes him. Doing a double take, he adds: "I am afraid of that schedule. We are in three tournaments in December. We'll know our fate by the New Year."

For starters, Wasdin has Henry Williams, one of the better sophomores in the country. The brother of Jim Williams, who played at Temple and in Italy, he is a 6'6" 220-pounder who handles the ball like Walt Frazier. "He will take a 30-footer at the end of a close game and tip in the rebound if he misses," says Miller. Williams and sophomores Ricky Coleman and Shawn Leftwich all played on a Pennsylvania All-Star team that beat the best from the rest of the country in Pittsburgh's annual Dapper Dan tournament two years ago.

Jimme Clark, Dave Stowers and Mike Denney were the other members of the Super Six. Coleman, who was expected to start at one guard, has been slow in recovering from a knee operation, so Clark will share the position with the experienced George Scholz. Leftwich and junior-college addition Butch Taylor will share the low-post spot. Both are quick, love to reject opponents' shots and score well themselves.

But these are only the new men. It is not as though the team that rose to national prominence several years ago suddenly found itself fresh out of able bodies. Indeed, Leon Benbow and Abe Steward, starters on last year's 23-8 varsity, return. Benbow, at wing and Steward at the high post, which he shares with Bob Nylén. Steward led the team in rebounding. "We're hungry, fast and we want to play," he says. So what do you feed a young, hungry Dolphin? Why, all those Cougars and Owls and Friars on that schedule—and then hope like mad that he has an iron constitution.

SOUTH CAROLINA When Frank McGuire greeted his team for the first time in Carolina Coliseum last month he intended nothing more exciting than a round of handshakes and a rudimentary drill or two. But also awaiting McGuire on a Sunday afternoon that should have belonged to the World Series telecast were 4,000 Gamecock loyalists. "I thought they'd be pretty disappointed if we did nothing more than shoot layups," said McGuire. "With that kind of turnout, I felt the least we could do was hold a scrimmage." That was the very least that they did. McGuire and his players had the crowd hungrily awaiting the opening game by the time they finished.

That the freshmen played the veterans to a standoff was the big news since South Carolina, having lost some of its finest players, is counting on newcomers this year. Although there are enough quality returnees to breed optimism, too, 7' Danny Traylor frankly wishes Tom Riker was still around. "If things don't go well I can expect a lot of criticism," says Traylor. "Comments like 'Traylor's not handling enough.' I just hope people realize how tough it's going to be without Riker here. This is the first time in several years we haven't had two real big guys."

Fortunately, Traylor's abilities are not as modest as his outlook. He led South Carolina in rebounding and blocked shots while averaging 14.3 points per game. The greater emphasis on guard play is sound strategy since South Carolina will have one of the best backcourts in the country. Olympian Kevin Joyce, who led the U.S. team's refusal to accept the silver medal following the controversial loss to Russia, will be joined by his former New York City high school teammate, Brian Winters. Both outstanding athletes, they can also serve on the front line. "The great thing about Brian," says Joyce, who expects to improve on his 18.3 scoring average, "is that he doesn't mind giving up a little bit of his game to help me." The fact is, however, both Joyce and Winters can and will produce points and leadership.

The forwards will be inexperienced Rick Mours, who looks promising despite the fact that he scarcely played last year—McGuire-coached teams tend to rely on their first starters, treating substitutes as though they were the flu—and a pair of sophomores, smooth Tommy Cox and powerful Clyde Agnew. McGuire believes he must also find room for freshman Alex English, a member of the largest and possibly best class he's ever recruited. English, a slender 6'8", is not one of the New York imports who always make their way to McGuire but, for a rare change, a local product from Columbia. "He's a young Bill Russell," says Frank.

The Gamecocks, who have lost at home only four times in four years, play 13 games on their court this season, making up for 1971-72 when they finished 24-5 while playing out of a suitcase. They still make a few dangerous road trips but most of the time McGuire should have matters right where he likes to keep them, in his hip pocket.

CONTINUED



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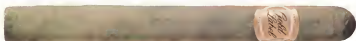
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17

ALABAMA There is a brand new game in Tuscaloosa, Ala., a place where before now no one has thought much about anything 'cept The Game and The Bear during a football season that runs about 11 or 12 months a year. The University of Alabama has discovered how to play basketball, and it probably has discovered it well enough to win the Southeastern Conference title. After all, Alabama almost won the Southeastern Conference title last season and three of its five conference losses were by a total of seven points. Those seven points look mighty insignificant standing next to Charles Cleveland and Leon Douglas.

For a while Cleveland, a sophomore, and Douglas, a freshman, had something of a monopoly on the Most Valuable Player award in the Alabama state high school tournament. Cleveland won it in 1970 and Douglas in 1971 and 1972. And both are products of Coach C. M. Newton's law: the longer it takes a rebounder to come down, the more you try to recruit him. Alabama is loaded with players who have helium, as well as mercury, in their bloodstreams and the youngsters join three starters back from a team that was 15-8.

When Newton took over at Alabama four years ago, his first harvest yielded four victories. A desultory high school program that occasionally even found an assistant football coach moonlighting on the basketball court was about as much help as the boll weevil is to cotton farmers. Then high school basketball began catching on in the state and the good players—particularly the blacks, who appreciated Newton's color-blind viewpoint—took to staying home. The Tide's starting lineup could have four Alabama-born blacks on it. "I'll play the best players," says Newton, encouraged by fans who at one time stayed away in droves from the magnificent Memorial Coliseum, which was completed in 1968 and seats over 15,000. This year season-ticket sales have at least doubled.

The crowds will be coming out to see a winner, especially if Douglas can provide the immediate help many people think he should. Newton tends to play down Douglas' chances of contributing, trying to take some of the pressure off the 6' 10" center. "He's only 18 and it is a lot to ask a guy his age to go against the kind of big men we'll be facing this year," says Newton, perhaps forgetting he is talking about a conference noted for the absence of many good, big men. Cleveland broke the school freshman scoring and rebounding records last season and will move into the backcourt with Ray (Big O) Odums, another of those state tournament MVPs (1969). Odums, who makes the fast break work with his burning speed, led the SEC in assists last year.

Senior Wendell Hudson, the first black to play basketball for Alabama, was the team's best player the last two seasons and assuredly will benefit on the boards by Douglas' arrival. That could be woeful for the opposition. Alabama scored over 100 points five times last year. The total should be easily eclipsed, along with the rest of the SEC, including Kentucky and Tennessee.

18

ST. JOSEPH'S At St. Joe's of Philadelphia, basketball is more than a student's passing fancy. As athletics and academicians alike insist, it is a source of identity for the school and even an answer of sorts for the problems of a small, private, Catholic liberal arts college in today's society. St. Joe's does have its problems: attracting students in a secular age without displeasing alumni, funding in the face of a small endowment, relating its campus to a changing neighborhood. Half of the school is in Philadelphia, half in suburban Merion and it has an enrollment of day students, night students and boarders, many of them first-generation collegiates. The school's very name is confusing, shared as it is by dozens of others. Its programs in the hard sciences, physics and engineering are highly regarded and it has one of the few food-marketing majors in the country, but outside of academe, who pays any attention to things of that sort? As St. Joseph's long ago discovered, it remains for its varsity basketball team to supply the missing image.

This year that will be easy. St. Joe's should receive the kind of recognition it has not enjoyed since two of Jack Ramsay's squads combined for a 50-8 mark in the mid-1960s. And the school better enjoy it. Unless present Coach Jack McKinney comes up with another Mike (Stuck) Bantom, the chance probably won't come again for a while. Bantom, at 6' 9" the biggest and possibly best player in St. Joe's history, is a senior. McKinney has had so much trouble recruiting other men as large as Bantom that, he says only half in jest, he had to "get out a book and learn how to coach him." The results were mixed. Last year the Hawks operated a 2-3 offense that allowed two or three opponents to converge on Bantom, who, good as he was, could not play the game all by himself. "We found that they could defense us," admits McKinney.

This season the Hawks will go into a 1-2-2 to give Bantom more mobility and an opportunity to increase his 22-point scoring average. Forward Pat McFarland (18 points) and Guard Jim O'Brien, who for no strong reason shot little last winter, are other sure shots. O'Brien may lose his job by midseason to sophomore Fran Rafferty, whom McKinney identifies as "a real Philadelphia guard—they're such animals." The other starting guard will be the capable Mike Moody, who returns from a year's probation. Bantom, who fouled out of five games and accumulated 93 fouls in 28 games, must get more help on the boards from Bob Sabol, who does exceptionally well for a 6' 4" forward but gets knocked down about 105 times a game. Fortunately, he is used to playing hurt. Kevin Furey, taller but somewhat less effective than Sabol, should improve and help out all around. Swingman Lou Peltzer already has and surely will play in some spot.

While Bantom was training for the Olympics, the rest of the team was touring Europe on its own and playing national teams, including Russia's. The 19-9 outfit of last season could be five games better this time around, which, all things considered, should be identity enough.

CONTINUED

BRIGHAM YOUNG Overlooking the immaculate campus of Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah is the newest temple of the Mormon Church. Its golden spire climbs just high enough into the sky to be seen half a mile away at the J. Willard Marriott Center, the second most important building on the priority lists of Provo Mormons. It is here that some 23,000 of the faithful will gather this winter to chant praises to that conglomeration of Yugoslavs, Finns, Indians, Utahans and Californians—otherwise known as the **BYU** basketball team—that hopes to win a record-setting third consecutive Western Athletic Conference crown, the Lord willing.

If He is, the rest of the responsibility could well be shouldered by the Clown Prince of Yugoslavia, Kresimir Cosic (kresh-a-meer Choo-sitch), the 6' 11" center who leads fast breaks, shoots a deadly dippy-doodle hooker and disarms the interest of opponents with a grin that monopolizes his face. The smile may be on the wane this year because a limitation imposed on foreign athletes has made the 24-year-old Cosic ineligible for NCAA playoffs, should **BYU** get that far. So there is already talk in Provo that second-best may be better this year because the conference runner-up traditionally receives a bid from the National Invitation Tournament where Cosic, **BYU** is hoping, would be made eligible.

For a while this fall there was some question of whether Cosic would be eligible to play at all. When drills opened in mid-October, he was nowhere to be seen and word was out that he was either 1) scouting for the Mormon Church in Yugoslavia, 2) recovering in Zadar from an illness he had contracted while on church assignment, 3) playing in China with a European all-star team—which indeed he had been doing earlier—or 4) none of these. The nones had it. Cosic simply was having trouble making plane connections in France, which was no way to treat a first-year coach. Glenn Potter, who was admitting freely that he had bought up all the goats' milk and Manito in the Utah Valley. Cosic did arrive just in time for his fall classes.

Potter's nervousness was doubly compounded. Not only did he have the onerous chore of taking over a winning basketball team, but he was following the eminently successful and popular Stan Watts, who in nearly a quarter century at **BYU** compiled a 410-253 record, including two NIT titles. Luckily, Potter has come up with some of the quickest hands in the West in Guards Doug Richards, Belmont (Ill.) Anderson and Greg Clawson, all fine shots and—surprise—all from Salt Lake City. Anderson will add hoard strength with his 36-inch straight-up leap. "He just sorta floats up there," said one admirer. Brian Ambrozich will play one forward and possibly Cosic the other, with senior Jay Banker trading off at center with 7-footer Steve Lackey. Complementing these are several other good forwards. If the combination works, too bad, **BYU** will be in the NCAAAs without Cosic, and as religious folk well know, many are called but few are Cosic.

NEW MEXICO STATE At the annual meeting of Missouri Valley Conference basketball coaches, New Mexico State's Lou Henson made a startling revelation before the society he had just joined. "We plan to use the Wishbone in our offense this year," he said. The Tulsa Kwanis Club, hosts of a luncheon for the affair, politely applauded the announcement. Later on a newsmen approached Henson and asked hesitantly just what was a Wishbone offense—in basketball. "One that scores about 45 points a game," the coach said.

Henson had to be kidding. For six years his Aggie squads have averaged 81 points, and John Williamson, the nation's sixth leading scorer and straightest shooter in the Las Cruces area since Billy the Kid, could toss in 45 himself. "John is like a good pool player who knows how to handle the cue ball. He takes few bad shots because he seldom shoots out of position," says Henson. After sputtering early, the Aggies caught fire toward the end of last season. A final-game win over Marquette at Pan American Center, in which Williamson scored his team's last 12 points, was the highlight of a surge that included 19 victories in the last 22 games. The Aggies would like to keep the hot streak going, but that will not be so easily accomplished now that they have joined the Missouri Valley people. Still, says Williamson, a junior now, "We've played together a year. We've learned a lot. We'll be better this time out."

The only significant low is the toothpick that Williamson used to dangle from his mouth. In the interest of safety, he's given it up. Truman Ward, a self-styled "master blaster" with a soul radio show in the off-season, has moved to the wing opposite Williamson. His high post position is being sought by 6' 8" sophomore Jim Bosac and junior Hal Robinson. "Ideally the man at this position should score about 12 to 14 points a game and be a steady rebounder," says Henson. Being a good ball handler also helps, since the high post man is frequently called upon to set up his teammates. Steve White will quarterback the team but freshman Scott Wynne from El Paso could play a lot before the season is out. "I'll have a starting five before the season begins," says Henson. "If you start alternating two guys, then both of them will play like substitutes."

One position that should be stable is the low post where Roland (Tree) Grant played as a sophomore. Grant, a 7-footer, can do anything offensively a man a foot shorter can. Regrettably, one of those things is rebounding, which the coaching staff hopes might be improved to a 6' 9" level anyway before play begins. New Mexico State received a break in scheduling and the players should thank the nearby Organ Mountain gods for that. The first two conference games—both at home—follow seven time-up games and two holiday tournaments. Then things get grim and the Aggies will have to plow deep into their own resources. They face tough Memphis State and Louisville away one day apart. Maybe they could use a wishbone after all.

CONTINUED



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BEST OF THE REST

FIVE TO WATCH There was a time—well, to be honest, it was only last year—when it was possible to scan the rosters of teams and spot the oddities, the schools with a gifted player or two that were going to surprise everybody by suddenly nosing into the national rankings. But as the 1972-73 season begins, it seems almost everybody has a couple of giants who can pass like Lenny Wilkins, drive like Billy Cunningham and defend like Bill Russell. They need those just to stay in the game. The teams that are going to spring fresh into the public consciousness now have four and five such men, and the reasons why they haven't been better known before are 1) they only recently got their players and 2) they could do handily with a couple more of them to reach parity with the Top 20.

Take Canisius, and not many teams will. The small Jesuit college was always the respectable little brother to St. Bonaventure and Niagara in the Buffalo neighborhood but the Golden Griffins never seemed to get a Lanier or a Murphy—until now, when they have a Montgomery. Mel Montgomery is a sophomore who, according to Niagara's Frank Layden, will soon be a household name in his own right. He won't be playing alone of course, and, in fact, John Morrison, Canisius' new 27-year-old coach, intends to break him in slowly. Morrison can afford to. He has four two-year starters, including Forward Mike Macaluso, who averaged 16.9 points last year, another strong sophomore in Mike Roberts and freshman Charles Jordan, the third-leading rebounder in Indiana high school history. The Griffins will not be mythical for long.

The University of San Francisco, on the way back to a prominence it once knew, is a different story. Starting slowly last season, the Dons won 16 of their last 19 games to capture the West Coast Athletic Conference title. Four starters return who, says Coach Bob Gaillard,

"are not afraid to win." Who *would* be with players like Byron (Snake) Jones, the league's top rebounder, and 6' 10" Kevin Restani, co-sophomore of the year? Joining them on the front line will be sophomore Eric Fernsten ("A shot rejector," says Gaillard), Phil Smith, the team's leading scorer, and a former Los Angeles high school sensation, Richard Johnson. The Dons meet UCLA on Jan. 19—which brings up the record the Bruins want to break. Remember the Bill Russell teams' 60 straight in the 1950s? You can bet SF does.

There is no such tradition in the Southwest Conference, where basketball has been about as popular as log rolling in the Mojave Desert. But now, from of all places, the University of Texas, comes a team that doesn't punt, doesn't operate a Washbone but doesn't mind hooking horns with anybody. The Longhorns—the basketball Longhorns—finished 19-9 last year and upset Houston in the first round of the NCAA regionals. Southwest Conference Player of the Year Larry Robinson (21.9 points, 10 rebounds) is one of four returning starters that include 6' 9" B. G. Brostehous and playmaking Guard Harry Larrabee. And there are more refugee football players coming up. Even with the improvement of the other Southwest teams, the schedule is the kind of which 20-win seasons are made.

Opponents of Morehead State have more to worry about this year than the faulty lighting, funny scorekeeping and freaky officiating that are legendary in the Ohio Valley Conference. So maybe Morehead's anagrammatic president, Dr. Adron Duran, will be less inclined to charge out onto the floor to scold referees. The Eagles are loaded, with every member back from the 16-11 team that tied for the league championship last season. The best are Leonard Coulter, who averaged 25 points and 14 rebounds as a sophomore, and Guard Howard Wallen, who set a school assist record. The

Eagles play a wide-ranging schedule, which suits Coach Bill Harrell fine. "Recognition is what we need," he says. And recognition is what they should get.

Notoriety would be a better word for Illinois State, all because of a skinny kid from Benton, Ill. who became something of a folk hero at the Olympic try-out camp in Colorado and at the Olympics themselves when he sank a pair of free throws that appeared to win the gold medal for the United States. Doug Collins, a 6' 6" guard, finished third in the nation in scoring last year for the 16-10 Redbirds, and now Will Robinson, who coached Mel Daniels, Spencer Haywood and Ralph Simpson at Detroit's Pershing High, has brought in some young turks to work with Collins in his senior year. Among them are high school All-Americans Bubbles Hawkins, who played for Robinson at Pershing, and Roger Powell and another freshman, Mike Bonczyk, who as a high schooler teamed with Indiana's Quinn Buckner on consecutive Illinois state champions. Robinson also has 6' 11" Center Ron de Vries and 6' 9" Forward Stepey Bacon. It is a lot for a 115-year-old school only recently turned major.

SOUTH The collection of basketball talent at Furman University may raise more questions than it answers. Will one basketball be enough to satisfy Joe Williams' point mongers? Will the defense again let the Paladins lose 11 times while the offense is averaging 92.6 points a game? Williams has the players who could equal the success he enjoyed at Jacksonville, but he may not have the team. Furman's early practices indicated as much. "Sometimes there were four big men under the basket wanting the ball," said 7' 1" Center Lessor Leonard, who was one of them. "We've got to learn to play together."

continued

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SCOUTING continued

Leonard and another sophomore, 6'9" Clyde Mayes, have caused a reshuffling of the team that won 17 games for the most Paladin victories in 20 years. The Southern Conference's two leading scorers, Player of the Year Russ Hunt and Roy Simpson, have been moved to unfamiliar positions outside. And Leonard should not be confused with Williams' Jacksonville giant, Artis Gilmore. "Fessor is not the same defensive player or rebounder," he says, "but he's quite a shooter." The backboard help so missing last season will come from Mayes. "I've never had more depth," Williams says.

Conference rival Davidson has never had more talent, or so says Terry Holland, a player and coach there for 11 years. Only two starters are missing from the 19-9 team of last season and the usually cautious Holland believes "we could win five or six more games." The three returnees are leading scorer John Fakoni and Mike Sorrentino in the backcourt and Wing John Pecora. They will form the nucleus of a fast-moving, constantly changing lineup. "We could break even by playing five, win 15 with eight and 20 with 10," says Holland. "We can go with 10."

Not everyone believes North Carolina's domination of the Atlantic Coast Conference is over. "Say what you will about Maryland and N.C. State," says a former assistant in the league. "I think the Tar Heels will beat out at least one of them. Maybe both before it's over." For this to happen Guard George Karl and Forward Bobby Jones must pick up their scoring while big sophomores Donald Washington and Ed Stahl mature. North Carolina should rebound well and play good defense but the offense lost 50 points a game with the departure of Bob McAdoo, Dennis Wuyuk and Bill Chamberlain. "I don't care," says the scrappy Karl. "If the desire is there Dean Smith will make us a winner." The league's MVP, Barry Parkhill, should have the same effect on Virginia.

The Southeastern Conference has more good players (foreign and domestic), challenging teams and preseason favorites than ever before. What it doesn't have is Adolph Rupp, out after 42 years at Kentucky. Successor Joe Hall has three starters returning from last year's champions led by Center Jim Andrews and outstanding prospects like Kevin Grevey from a superb freshman

team. He also has the long shadow of Rupp to haunt him. "A fellow told me the other day that if I won it would mean we had the talent and if I lost it would prove Coach Rupp was the difference," says Hall. "There's no way I can win." Tennessee is also highly regarded with Player of the Year Mike Edwards and 7-footers Len Kosmalski and Bob Brykalski. Georgia might have more talent than anyone with All-SEC returnees Ronnie Hogue and John Fraley. Tim Bassett, the league's second-leading rebounder, and All-SEC freshman Billy Magarity. Vanderbilt has four double-figure scorers back and LSU's new coach, Dale Brown, recruited 6' 2" Eddie Pulbinskas of Australia, the second-leading scorer in the Olympic Games. The Tigers will finish down under anyway.

EAST It was bound to happen. Basketball in the East is again becoming respectable. At Temple, for instance. Until three years ago Coach Harry Litwack had to conduct his practices in a third-floor room that looked like a dance hall from *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* The walls were dirty and the place sat only 1,000. Had enough? So did the Owls. They have now taken up quarters at an ultramodern, spanking-new 4,500-seat court in McGonigle Hall and, for another change, they can start the season with a winner rather than ending it that way. In the past, Litwack created winners out of who he's? This season, with a year of experience behind them, the who he's? are already theys.

Whether the Owls can match last year's 23-6 record without the graduated Ollie Johnson, however, may depend on sophomores Joe Anderson and Kevin Washington. Washington was a backcourt teammate of UCLA's Andre McCarter at Overbrook High in Philadelphia and was overlooked by recruiters from big schools. He shrugs at the memory. "There wasn't anything I could do about it," he says. Before he is through, there may be little opponents can do about Washington, who already is drawing comparisons with Guy Rodgers.

Not far away in Philadelphia, the city of brotherly mayhem where basketball is concerned, are the Quakers of the University of Pennsylvania, who have been right up there in respectability the past

few years. They will stay there, even without Corky Calhoun, Bob Morse and Al Cotler, who led the team to the best three-season record outside of UCLA's. Forward Phil Hankinson ("a 35-foot shooter with moves"), switching to the outside in another of Coach Chuck Daly's four-forward offenses, is the key to Penn's hopes, and Daly is almost ecstatic over sophomore Ron Hauger, the new big man inside. "He's so smooth," says Daly, "it's like running water."

The Quakers should take their fourth straight Ivy League title—unless the Harvard team to play together. Ten of 12 players, headed by All-Ivies Floyd Lewis, Jim Fitzsimmons and James Brown, return from a team that won eight of its last nine games. But Coach Bob Harrison still hasn't harnessed his superior talent. Brown, which may play five blacks, has an outside chance for the first time in light years.

In New York, where Madison Square Garden is battling Nassau Coliseum for the game's top names, the local teams will be playing schedules that are almost murderous. Almost, because the New Yorkers are good enough to acquit themselves, if not handsomely at least well. St. John's will be the best of them if Mel Davis, the nation's fourth-leading rebounder, is recovered from an injury incurred in the NIT quarterfinals. Another if is Ed Searcy, who will not be eligible until late December. But any team with even a one-kneed Davis and a shooter like swingman Bill Schaeffer—his 64% accuracy was fifth best nationally—is a threat. Fordham lost its forecourt, but it got in some fine, tall freshmen and has enough other good operatives surrounding Ken Charles, one of the country's better players, to be dangerous. Similarly Rutgers, a young team for sure but one with freshman Phil Sellers, an All-America who was voted most valuable player in Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan Tournament, and clever shot and ball handler John Somogyi. Princeton, Manhattan and St. Peter's may be a year behind these.

American University's Kermit Washington, the country's leading rebounder, made the cover of the *NCAA Basketball Guide*. If he becomes the seventh college player to average 20 points and 20 rebounds per game during a career, and if he can convince his teammates to get over an inferiority complex about playing Philadelphia schools, the Eagles

continued

SCOUTING

should challenge Temple and St. Joseph's in the Middle Atlantic Conference. In Pittsburgh, Duquesne's Lionel (Big Train) Billingsly (22 points, 14 rebounds) can delight in a reunion—graduates from the country's highest-scoring (109 average) freshman team. Niagara's Al Williams and St. Bonaventure's Glenn Price could make the Little Three's chase of Canisius interesting and Syracuse, even without Greg Kell, has his 27-point average, may match last year's 22-6 record with the likes of Rudy Hackett, Mike Lee and Dennis DiVal. Three for the future are Boston College, with freshman Will Morrison, Holy Cross, with Boston all-everything, freshman King Gaskins and Rhode Island, with Abu Baker (formerly Don Blackman).

M IDWEST In the outer hall of Ohio State's St. John Arena is a gallery of the Buckeye version of *Ho's Ho's Ho!* Besides three Heisman Trophy winners and numerous football and basketball All-Americans, hang photographs of Glenn Davis and Jesse Owens, Jack Nicklaus, Frank Howard, John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas and Fatty Siegfried. A trophy case holds a much smaller picture of a 1951 All-America first baseman named Fred Taylor, who has simply been outcoaching the rest of the Big Ten and winning basketball championships at Ohio State for 14 years.

This year Siegfried returns to his alma mater as an assistant to Taylor, and the former Boston Celtic and his college coach face an unusual dilemma, their star seniors, Luke Witte and Allan Horniak, must play as they did as sophomores for OSU to have a chance at the title that evaporated so suddenly last year. In a savily strengthened league, that won't be easy. Taylor may no longer be able to prosper while losing many of the best athletes in Ohio and starting only one black player at a time. But he has a favorable schedule and four regulars returning. The man in the little picture just could win again. Indiana, coached by another of Taylor's proteges, Bobby Knight, is next best, but dangerous players lurk at every school and winning conference games on the road will be a sometime thing, as usual. The Big Ten's nonconference record should soar to around 700.

Kansas State, Missouri and the use of a 30-second shooting clock are the excitement in the Big Eight. The Tigers' John Brown is the best player around and would have gone to Munich had he not broken a bone in his foot for the second time. The timer gives the Tigers a running advantage over the methodical Kantians. However, State's lineup is nearly intact and its guards, Danny Beard and Lon Kruger, could be the difference between the two teams.

In the Missouri Valley race St. Louis is the choice for third place behind Memphis State and New Mexico State, but Denny Crum's all-new Louisville Cardinals, with 6' 4" sophomore forward Allen Murphy, will trouble everybody. Jim Snyder's record at Ohio University is fast approaching Taylor's at OSU. With a little luck and a lot of Luckett (freshman) Walter, that is, the Bobcats will earn Snyder's seventh Mid-American title in 13 years.

Northern Illinois and Marshall dominate the list of independents. The Huskies blazed their way to a 21-4 record last year while playing in the now-defunct Midwestern Conference and will soon be a national power if they upgrade their schedule. Center Jim Bradley is as good as anybody the Big Ten has to offer. Marshall lost its coach, Carl Tacy, to Wake Forest and forward Russel Lee to the Milwaukee Bucks, but Guard Mike D'Antoni will adjust to his third coach in three years and lead the Thundering Herd to another 20-win season. Dayton's record will be good and at last there is some size at DePaul, where the Blue Demons should have their best season in a decade.

W EST Along the irregular coastline of the Far West, one might expect to find clusters of college coaches squatting resolutely in the sand. Jonathan Livingston Seagulls staring gloomily into the Pacific and muttering, "When will they lose? When will they lose?" Yes, it is troublesome to be a coach in the shadow of UCLA, and no one is more aware of that eclipse than Bob Boyd of Southern California. In eight years Boyd's teams have won 145 and lost 64, a good record against tough opposition. But not nearly good enough. As one fellow coach emphasized,

"Drop USC's teams into any other conference in the country the past eight years and in four of them they would have been in the NCAA finals."

With 11 forwards Bruce Clark and Monroe Nash doubtful starters, six players from last season's 18-1 freshman team (all of whom averaged in double figures) will have key roles on Boyle's latest edition of second-best sellers. They are joined by junior-college transfer Victor Kelly, who topped the National Junior College tournament last season in scoring and assists. Victor is only 5' 6".

Even though Oregon State graduated Freddie Boyd, one of the better guards on the coast last year, the Beavers figure to battle USC for the inner-city spot in the Pacific Eight. Four starters return, including 6' 11" Steve Erickson.

The mutters are prevalent again that Long Beach State will not win the Pacific Coast Athletic Association title. Truth dispelled rumor the last three years and probably will again. Should Long Beach falter just the least bit, though, San Diego State, with fine strength at guard in junior-college transfers Dan Teague and Brad McNamara, will provide one threat. So could Los Angeles State, with Raymond Lewis, the best player in the league outside of Long Beach's Ed Ratleff. A sophomore, Lewis has a deal with his coach, Bob Miller. "He's promised me I can take as many shots as I want in a game as long as I shoot the 59", I did as a freshman," says Lewis.

Olympian James Forbes and Coach Don Haskins should take UTI far in the Western Athletic Conference, although not past Brigham Young. Forbes looked quicker in practice this year until he injured a knee that will put him out of action for a couple of weeks. He will get much help from returning starters Gus Bales, Beto Bantiva and red-shirt Greg Davis.

Pepperdine University has a new \$50 million campus at Malibu Beach and a beautiful swan in William (Bird) Averitt—the nation's fifth-leading scorer—but no bridge. The field house will not be ready until spring.

Idaho State and Weber State plan to volley for the Big Sky crown, and Southern Methodist, with Sammy Hervey, the nation's second-leading junior-college scorer last year, and freshman Ira Terrell, joins the University of Texas as prime cuts in the Southwest Conference.

CONTINUED

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Nacogdoches, as Nacogdochians do not mind telling people, was the first town in Texas to drill an oil well. It is also, they will allow, the home of the No. 1 small-college team in drilling basketball opponents. That would be Stephen F. Austin State University, and if SFASU is no better than Albany (Ga.) State, Roanoke, Augustana (Ill.) or Kentucky State—the other teams with national title aspirations this season—it is at least as colorful. The Lumberjacks, as the Austins call themselves, are really wildcaters who have struck it rich in Coach Marshall Brown's fast-breaking, free-lancing style of play.

"We like to have fun," says Brown. "Many of the guys attended other colleges before but left because they didn't fit in with a disciplined attack. I have all the respect in the world for disciplined teams, but to me the prettiest play in basketball is the fast break."

With Brown the fast break also might be his most remunerative play. Since 1967 Stephen F. Austin has won 24 or more games each season and has made the NAIA tournament four of the last five. Last winter the Lumberjacks averaged 94 points a game, four fewer than the year before. They were 31-3, they finished third in the NAIA and, best yet, they have all their starters returning and a fresh supply of razor-sharp recruits.

Brown is a crew cut among a bunch of Afros and shaggy hairs, but differences in personal grooming do not bother him a bit as long as he and his team agree on how the game is supposed to be played. They all do, Brown says. "We have a pattern we use a lot but we like to play wide-open ball. The fans prefer it and so do the players, I guess because the pros do. One thing about free-lancing. It doesn't hurt very much when you're going after the good players."

One he got was 6'7" Pete Harris, the Lone Star Conference's leading rebounder and MVP and Brown's man to trigger the fast break, something he did not get the chance to do at McNeese State, where he played before he transferred in his freshman year. A fine pro prospect who averaged 18.5 rebounds and 20 points a game, Harris regards himself as a man of all trades. "My asset is my ability to do most things pretty well," he says. "I like to keep people happy."

Harris is one of three seniors on the team who are keeping most everybody in town happy. The others—Robert

SMALL COLLEGES

WILDCATTING LUMBERJACKS

(Skeet) Gords, who led the conference in scoring last winter, and Skip Carleton—transferred to Stephen Austin, too, Gords from Central (Okla.) State and Carleton from Texas A&M, Carleton's reasons for switching are typical. "Before I came here," he says, "we played slowdown and I just didn't fit in. Here everybody can play offense."

But maybe nobody is going to play as much offense or keep the townspeople happier than Archie (Magic) Myers, who is Brown's recruiting coup of the year and would be almost anybody else's. A 36.5 scorer from Howard County Junior College in Big Spring, Texas, he chose SFA simply because he wanted to be with a winner. The bane of Myers' earlier life was that try as he did he always ended up with the little trophy, the one that disappeared in the palm of the hand on the march back to the bench. "I'm willing to sacrifice everything to win a championship," he says wistfully. "I had a 28-point average in high school and still we didn't win. I was told I could win here and I know it."

For all the team's obvious assets, winning among the tough small colleges will not be that easy. Among other things, the Lumberjacks will have to play defense. "I guess you might say my players have a tendency to defend just as well as they have to," Brown says. "If we score, our opponents will, too." Still, Brown says, they stay ahead of the game. "It's the margin of victory that measures defense," he says, "and last year ours was about 18 points. That isn't bad considering the stalls we run into."

One reason for the margin is Stephen Austin's depth. Substituting freely, the Lumberjacks just tire other teams out. "We can go full throttle the entire game without the guys feeling they have to pace themselves," Brown says. Or, he might add, without fear of hurting the team by a liberal use of freshmen and sophomores. His are better than most, a fact that can make any theory shine.

Brown figures a freshman is going to get burned on defense a few times, but if freshmen Dewey Rivers and Gary Brown, both 6'8" and the two tallest team members, and slick Frank Fernandez are singled very often, he always has solid veterans to throw into the breach. It is a comforting thought.

Until they get into their new 53 million arena two years from now, the Lumberjacks will have to make do with old Shelton Gym. It seats 3,200 but there is live cable TV of home games. As a follower said, "Everybody watches at home or they rent a hotel room. We take our basketball seriously."

And so, of course, do the people who follow the schools that will be pushing up there in the rankings with Stephen Austin. In fact, it would be hard not to want to follow Albany State, if for no other reason than to keep up with the Joneses, a basketball dynasty themselves. With just about every coach in the country—and one governor—after him, 6'9" Major Jones this spring decided to follow his four brothers to Albany. Wilbert, now with the Memphis TAMs, went there, Melvin did, too, and 7'2" Caldwell is a senior there now. "The two of them don't believe they can be beaten," says Coach Oliver Jones, who started the whole family thing. A lot of other people believe that, too.

Not among them is the crowd from Roanoke. To defend their NCAA college-division championship, the surprising Virginians have back Jay Peccola and Everett Hurst and their best incoming players ever. Augustana has a brother act of its own—well, almost. They had the good sense to listen three years ago when a coed touted her brother, and that's why 6'11" John Laing is a Viking and the Vikings are potent. Laing is one of the best big shooting men in the country. Which brings it all back to old Kentucky State. Big? You bet. Fast? Sure. Hungry for more honors? They're Thorobreds, aren't they?

CONTINUED

JUNIOR COLLEGES

TRAILBLAZERS
ON THE MOVE

It is a place of monuments, parks and bridges that recall dusty history. There on the Wabash River two centuries ago pioneer America opened the way to the Northwest Territory. There young Abraham Lincoln moved closer to the White House by passing with his family into Illinois. And there, some time later, a young Red Skelton passed into a circus troupe with his mother's blessing. More recently, however, Vincennes, Ind., has found fame of another sort, brought by people coming in, not going out. No longer is it an obscure hollow suitable for fighting Indians, planting watermelons and manufacturing cypres. Its junior-college basketball team has lately shown signs of dynasticism.

The Vincennes Trailblazers won their second national championship in three years last season (and third since 1965) with an unprecedented 33-0 record. Their leader was a short, grishly man whose look and manner suggest more a devotion to binomial equations than to a game of size, speed and agility. They should. Allen L. Bradfield is chairman of the Vincennes math department and he never, never played basketball. But—*skizzzaw!*—he has won 76% of the games he has coached at Vincennes, has suffered only one losing season in 20 years and three times has been named junior-college Coach of the Year. The paradox is reflected daily in a metamorphosis of personality that sees the modest classroom demeanor give way suddenly to the frantic yelping and carrying on at practice of a frenzied footballer. Bradfield also owns a 600-pound touring bike (one of five motorcycles in his fleet) and has been known to set out with his wife on 1,700-mile journeys through Americana.

When Bradfield, who began his athletic career as a court-side attendant, exchanged his scorekeeper's book for a playbook, Vincennes had not won a game in 21 years. In truth, it had not played in 19 of those, but the challenge

was no less great. "I had always loved basketball, ever since I saw my first game as a kid—between two elementary-school teams," he says. "When I got a chance to coach I tried to learn all I could by reading every available book." As a mark of his progress, Bradfield reads none of them these days and attends coaching clinics only when invited to lecture. "In those early years," he says, "my hardest job was convincing players that I knew what I was talking about. It took a lot of bluff and bluster and feigned confidence to get by."

After 421 wins and 133 losses, the bluff and bluster have mellowed into a strong feeling of mission accomplished. Success has become so routine that Bradfield almost retired last summer. "It wasn't because basketball takes that much away from my teaching duties. I wouldn't be a bit better instructor if I had nothing else to do. It's just that I didn't know if I wanted to go on as I was. But I decided that being a full-time college professor with only a few papers to grade would be like going out to pasture. That's why I decided to stay, and I never want to go anywhere else."

This year's team was worth coming back for. In the Vincennes tradition there appears to be no one dominant player but there are enough good ones to encourage the Trailblazers' ambition of repeating as national champion. As is par for the course in two-year junior-college basketball, only one starter returns. Forward Harold Miles. The others have scattered to Louisville, Wake Forest, West Georgia College and Southern Illinois. Miles will be joined by three other sophomores with talent and suitable experience, Forward Mike Darrett, the only walk-on ever to win a scholarship, and Guards Dave Edmonds and Eartha Fausl. The center is 6' 8" freshman Phil Spence, a heady six inches taller than last year's talented but tiny pivotman. Bradfield will depend primarily on these five in his patient offensive and

pressing defensive games. Boyd Butts, a temperamental but well-considered 6' 8" freshman, will also fill in at guard and forward.

It is not unusual that none of these players draws the early notice of a Carlos Bernier, Morris Rivers, Willie Williams or Greg Hill. The four, already famous in JC circles, are expected to lead Ferrum (Va.), Gulf Coast (Fla.), Southern Idaho and Hutchinson (Kan.) respectively. The junior colleges considered most likely to unsettle Vincennes if unseated it is to be. For all its victories, Vincennes has produced only two junior-college All-Americans and none on the major college level. It has won not through individual brilliance but with competitiveness and teamwork and a singular sense of purpose difficult to find within the chaotic JC ranks.

"We were all very close," says one former team member, "but very competitive, too. There were so many good players on the team that everybody tried hard just to keep from looking bad." While they try, Bradfield directs them on their way more by his passion for success, his attention to detail and his ability to maintain discipline among an ever-changing flow of talented but crude players than by any subtleties in tactics.

Recurring in junior colleges, as Floyd Wagstaff of Tyler once said, is finding "the best players among those with the worst grades." Vincennes signed nine of them this year but only four showed up on campus in late August. "We all steal from each other," Bradfield admits, "but I've never bought a player. If I were in the boondocks I'd have to take what they sent me from the ghetto. But not here." Once the players are signed and accepted (any high school graduate will be), the athletic and academic indoctrination begins.

"We start them playing basketball as soon as they get here," says Assistant Coach Dan Sparks, more accessible to the players than Bradfield, who is "a tense little man" by his own description. "Then we put them in remedial English and reading classes. If they need tutoring we get them that also."

It is a system that suits players like Phil Spence perfectly. As an athlete, he has the potential to draw acclaim and as a young man he can develop also. "I'm not really mentally, physically or fundamentally to face four-year competition," he says candidly. "This will

continued

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SCOUTING continued

give me a chance to mature as a person and become a man. I knew a junior college would be best for this and Vincennes is the only one I considered. People told me, 'If you want to learn about basketball go there.' This isn't the best place in the world, but it is good for playing basketball."

The game at Vincennes, which is the oldest junior college in the U.S., is played with little ornamentation. There is radio coverage and home television on the school's educational channel, and the team will follow this season's wide-ranging schedule in a bus because the Student Senate, in the euphoria of last year's success, put up half the money. Such things that would be regarded as routine at most four-year schools are considered luxury items at a junior college.

Bradfield gets the players because he and Sparks go out and look for them and because Vincennes, as junior colleges go, is a better stopping off place than most. The campus is a modest mish-mash of the modern mingling with a brewery, an ice plant and former Air Force buildings, all renovated for educational purposes. The 1,600-seat gym, built by the school's chief benefactor in 1961, will be replaced next year by a larger one financed through federal funds. Robert Green, a construction executive, will continue to make his \$5,000 annual gift to the athletic budget begun the year of the first national championship. "It was a satisfactory return on my investment," he admits. That sum, and \$2,500 appropriated by the Student Senate, constitute the team's scholarship and recruiting chest.

Vincennes not only recruits on a national basis—this year's freshmen come from New York, North Carolina and Illinois—it also plays a national schedule. Last year the Trailblazers won five games against teams that later won berths in the national finals.

"We should be nationally competitive again this time," says Bradfield. "Right now we are better than we were a year ago. I just hope these boys work as hard and play as aggressively as last year's did. They didn't play 10 bad minutes all season."

Bradfield prefers defending territory won to having to take it away from someone else. "It gives you a psychological advantage," he says. And the professor, as he has ably demonstrated, knows all the angles.

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Insecure, insecure fellows that they are—a few victories are all that separate some of them from unemployment—most college basketball coaches would rather start a jockey at center than get ready for an opponent without a scouting report. And like ulcer patients they crave fat, soothing elixirs to settle their nervous stomachs. Enter the dowser, a thick, rich concoction full of information about the dreaded enemy. Does the little playmaking guard dribble to his left 51 8", of the time? Is the rangy forward so nearsighted he can't see the basket, much less hit it? Who throws the ball in on out-of-bounds plays? How many times does the student manager visit the water cooler? All that's in the package! Oh, peace! Oh, salvation!

Now, the rule has not been written that says the coach cannot do his own scouting or have an assistant do it for him, but consider the travel costs, the

time, the fact that he is getting only his own opinion. So, enter right behind the dowser its author, or, more accurately, the man who is liable to be its author. He is Bill Bertka, proprietor of Bertka Views, the nation's biggest collegiate scouting agency, and, lest anybody think he is lying down on his job, president of a recreation-resort development company in Santa Barbara, Calif., head talent scout and opponent scout for the Los Angeles Lakers, host on a twice-weekly radio show and a weekly TV show (both called *Sports With Bertka*) and moderator of a weekly luncheon called the Santa Barbara Athletic Roundtable. Should he ever scout himself, Bill Bertka would no doubt conclude that he was a man who believed firmly that sleep was something that other people did. As usual, he would be right.

Bertka is his own most enthusiastic operative. Three weeks before the sea-

son-opening tip-off he immerses himself in basketball magazines and old reports—"to get my mind in tune with the game; you gotta be ready to go!" I or a \$55 to \$65 fee, depending on expenses, Bertka or one of his hundreds of "associates" around the country (almost all of whom are ex-coaches) will scout a team and send the client a bulky package that includes clippings, brochures and 18 to 20 pages of diagrams, statistics, individual characteristics and tendencies. The slogan of Bertka Views, "We'll scout 'em—your play 'em—anywhere in the U.S.A."

"What that means, deep inside, is 'We'll scout 'em, but I'm not going to worry about who wins and who loses,'" says Bertka, an ex-coach himself.

At the 80 or 90 games Bertka attends each year he likes to sit up in the balcony, an attache case on his lap serving as a desk as he rifles through papers, keeps shot charts on both teams, broad-



BUSY AS A BEE IN THE BUSINESS OF BASKETBALL

Bill Bertka, resting for just one moment while his wife Solveig plots new moves on a United States map, is a man in almost perpetual motion. He scouts the collages and the pros when not relaxing in four other jobs

by JOE JARES

casts the goggles on to himself and anybody unlucky enough to be sitting nearby, and scribbles the inevitable X's and O's. Most of his Christmas vacation each year is spent on the tournament trail away from his family, in just a four-day stretch last December, for instance, Bertka managed to squeeze in 32 teams. He feels guilty if he watches a game on television and doesn't take reams of notes.

"What sets Bill apart from other scouts is that he's so thorough," says Houston Coach Guy V. Lewis. "In fact, I'd rather have one of his scouting reports than see a team play myself. I've had other former coaches scout for me, but none give me the detailed, accurate report that Bill does."

An example was Bertka's advice given Lewis before Houston's 1967 NCAA semifinal game against UCLA in Louisville. "He felt we could press them," Lewis says, "and we did, successfully.

In fact, they had more turnovers than we did. But the difference turned out to be UCLA's own press and Lew Alcindor."

"I'll tell you of a case where his report helped us win," says Stanford's Howie Dallmar. "There was a player who had a pretty good free-throw-shooting average, something like 75%, but the scouting report showed that he was closer to 100% in the first 10 minutes of each half. Under extreme pressure he would miss. That gave us a clue. If it was necessary to foul in the late minutes, we'd go for him. We did and sure enough he missed."

Naturally, Bertka is not goof-proof. Before the 1968 UCLA-Houston game in the Astrodome, Lewis assigned Bertka to scout the Bruins.

"I called Bill and talked to him after reading his report," said Lewis. "He had written that regardless of what we did there was no way we could beat UCLA.

"Bill," I said, 'do you really believe that?' He answered, 'Yes, they're superhumans.'" With Alcindor injured, they were human. Houston won 71-69, snapping a 47-game winning streak.

The grandson of Slovak immigrants and the son of a rubber-factory worker, Bertka grew up in the gyms of Akron, Ohio, and it was there that he started accumulating the background necessary to become, well, all the things that he is. He competed against a lot of kids who ended up in the factories, and a few like Eddie Elias, founder of the pro bowling tour, and Navy Football Coach Rick Forzano—who escaped. Eventually he made his way to nearby Kent State, where he played basketball, and on to a local high school where he was an assistant coach for one year before he decided it was time to step up.

"I went to a New York City employment agency for educational personnel," he says, "and I said, 'I will take a head-

continued

coaching job anywhere in the world, as long as I am the head coach." They told me, "O.K., there's a job in Los Olivos, Calif., at a ranch-type boarding school. They've never had a basketball program but they want one. You can be the head basketball and track coach, teach English, biology and Anglo-American history, and the job pays room and board and \$1,800 a year."

"I said, 'I'll take it.'"

Los Olivos turned out to be a bucolic spot over the San Marcos Pass from Santa Barbara, and Midland School was a spartan place that required the students to build their own outdoor basketball court and roll their own track. His ex-students remember he was called Boom Boom Berika and that he was constantly telling them, "You gotta got guts!" (Not in English class, however.)

Berika stayed at Midland two years before moving to nearby Santa Maria, where he became athletic director, dean of students and basketball coach at the new Allan Hancock College. The school had neither a gymnasium nor a campus, but no matter. Sunshine and clean air were about all the inducements Berika needed to lure top athletes from back home in smoky Akron. In three years at Hancock, using Ohio talent almost exclusively, his teams were beaten only 14 times, won a state junior-college championship and 41 straight games over two seasons.

Berika's ambition was to be the youngest major-college basketball coach in the country and he was close to it—only 30—when alma mater Kent State hired him in 1957. It was a serious misstep for Berika. Hardly a place with what coaches like to call a "promising program," it played in the tough Mid-American Conference, saddled with a low budget and rigid entrance requirements. Berika's record was 36-57, but there were a few triumphs, stemming generally from his rugged defenses and the weird hit effective offense he dreamed up.

"He was a supercoach who was ahead of his time," said ex-Kent State star Gene Michael, now an infielder for the New York Yankees. "He always had new ideas and very sound reasons for everything he did."

One night Berika almost passed out on the bench during a game. He had high blood pressure and was so excited that his players called him Wild Willie. A doctor warned him that if he did

not slow down he would never live to see 45. So in his 34th year Berika quit coaching and moved west to become superintendent of the recreation department of Santa Barbara, a town that drowns contentedly between the Pacific Ocean and the San Rafael Mountains, a 1½-hour drive up the coast from Los Angeles, an ideal spot to settle down in semiretirement, right?

Wrong. He has been there 11 years now, and in the semi-mafiosa atmosphere of Santa Barbara, where mystery writer Ross Macdonald takes lonely walks along the beach and senior citizens host on the park lawns and deep thinkers meditate at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Berika is about as settled down as a jackrabbit fleeing from a coyote.

He landed his local radio show because his public-service announcements for the recreation department were so good. That program led in 1968 to a temporary TV show that was supposed to follow *Wide World of Sports* for 18 weeks. It is still going and Berika has missed hosting it just once. He started with the Lakers by evaluating a few players for a fee. His duties multiplied each year until now he has the title of chief scout, although the general manager—formerly Fred Schaus, now Pete Newell—makes the final drafting decisions. His college-scouting bureau began by turning out a few reports a year and blossomed into a nationwide business.

Only recently he gave up his recreation job with Santa Barbara. Despite the fact that there was little money for new facilities, in his 11 years as director he made good use of what park land and beaches the city had and his programs helped increase annual participation by more than a million people.

Berika himself is a walking-jogging example of physical fitness. After the first round of the Cable Car Classic tournament last December, he was up half the night finishing scouting reports for various clients. When a friend went to his hotel the next morning to meet him for breakfast, Berika, dressed in sweat clothes and puffing, was just getting in from a little jog up and down the mountain slopes that San Francisco calls streets.

One Santa Barbara city councilman came to the conclusion not long ago that the recreation director could not possibly be doing justice to his job while

carrying on so much outside activity. So he introduced anti-moonlighting legislation. It did not pass, perhaps because there was a public outcry in Berika's favor. One irate citizen wrote to the local newspaper: "I think it would be an immense improvement to dissolve the council and have Bill Berika run the town as city manager."

The small tempest resolved itself when Berika left the department to become president of Insignis Sports and Recreation, Inc., which is building a golf-tennis-swimming complex in California's Santa Ynez Valley and is negotiating to buy a country club near Santa Cruz.

Berika really doesn't moonlight as much as some people think. The scouting hobby business couldn't run without his wife Solveig, a dark-haired Swede who knows precisely how long it takes a package to get from Santa Barbara to any coach's office in the country. She types letters and reports from Bill's taped dictation, does the bulk of the filing, handles the payroll and billing and somehow manages to keep Berika from smothering under a pile of paper work.

The Views reports are set down on forms that Berika has developed and refined over the last five or six years, forms that have been widely copied. To some of his associates they are pants in the typing fingers. One tired scout said, "Your scouting forms are worse than an Ivy League entrance exam."

Last-minute requests cause the most aggravation. It seems that coaches are reasonably sane and well-organized before the season starts, so their neatly typed letters arrive early. At tournament time in December, when unexpected opponents pop up in the finals or in the losers' brackets, the frantic phone calls and the incoherent notes scrawled on napkins begin to pour in. During the annual holiday rush it is not unusual for Solveig to get up at 4:30 a.m. (sometimes meeting Bill coming in from some out-of-town assignment), trudge out to the backyard office, switch on the heater and try to catch up with her work. A real hurry-up job occasionally forces Berika to use an untired scout, which can be disastrous.

"We've come up with bad reports—not often, but it has happened—and it's just brutal," he says. "It always happens when you're in a bind and somebody recommends a man. You try him and the guy really bombs you out. What

continued



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can you do? The coach just loses complete faith in you. I don't care how many good reports you sent, he only remembers the bad one."

Some coaches, including UCLA's John Wooden, like to have their own teams scouted, just as if the report was for an opponent. Bertka hates to do it. He once was hired to give an extensive critique of a team, and the coach was furious with the results, taking every criticism as a personal insult.

Bertka has not overlooked very many other moneymaking angles in the scouting business. He boosts his profits by selling the same report to several different coaches (but never, he swears, to the coach whose team has been dissected). He is willing to sell year-old reports at reduced rates. In the past he has offered a \$35 *California Junior College Talent Report*. He even advertises a package deal: Bertka Views will prepare reports on a team's entire schedule. ("Why burden your assistants with scouting assignments when they can be doing invaluable recruiting? Why should you have to take time away from the team or fight that road air might? Leave the scouting to us.") Bertka brags that Kansas State bought this service in 1969-70 and won the Big Eight championship.

It used to be that the pros seldom scouted each other—why tell Earl Monroe how to handle Jo Jo White when they have battled each other dozens of times? Today the NBA, which hit a low point of eight teams, has grown to 17 teams in four divisions, and pro coaches no longer scoff at college methods. Laker Coach Bill Sharman has stepped up his emphasis on films, video tapes and in-depth scouting, and, of course, that last category means more sessions for Bertka high in some noisy arena, dashing off notes like a nervous college freshman trying to keep up with a fast-talking professor, hoping Solweig is keeping up with the paper work at home.

Through it all, Bertka enjoys himself immensely, even though it often takes a couple of martinis before dinner to slow down his motor.

"I have a family and I have basketball, that's it," Bertka says. "No other hobbies. Scouting and the game have been fascinating things to me. I enjoy them. I get a vicarious pleasure out of analyzing a team. It used to hurt so much to lose as a coach. In scouting you don't lose."

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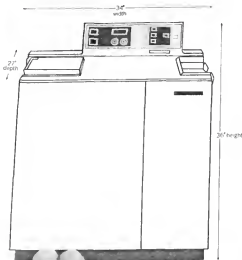
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Chicago is a toddlin' team

Once a power in the Big Ten before it gave up the game in 1940, the Maroon is back, this time substituting blocks and tackles for laughs

There was a time when The University of Chicago football fans spoke reverently about the coaching of Amos Alonzo Stagg, the slashing runs of Jay Berwanger and the field goals, passes and runs of Walter Eckersall. In short, Chicago was a football power. The team won eight Big Ten titles over the years. In 1899 the Maroon was 12-0-2, crushing the opposition 407-28. Between 1905 and 1908 the team lost only twice. In 1919 it demolished Great Lakes Naval Training School 121-0.

Then Chicago de-emphasized football and with that came losing seasons. The worst was 1939 when the team was kicked around by scores of 85-0, 61-0 (twice), 47-0 and 46-0. The following year University President Robert M. Hutchins abolished football, calling the sport "an infernal nuisance."

Now, football is back again at Chicago and again it has fans talking—about

the receiver who saw both a pass and a tackler headed his way and chose to elude both by ducking, about the dean who announced he would leave the game only if Chicago fell behind by 50 points and was able to depart at halftime, about all sorts of dropped passes, wild pitch-outs, fumbled hand-offs. Football may be back at Chicago but it is not the kind Amos Alonzo Stagg coached. Academics are still paramount, as witness this football cheer:

"Them stocks, Thrydsides,

Peloponnesian War,

X square, Y square, H SO₄."

Oh, the player who invited his girl to a game, only to be told: "No, thanks. I'd rather study my astrophysics."

Coach Walter Hass, who became athletic director in 1956, is the man who has gradually elevated the game at Chicago from phys-ed class to club team to small-college level. Talking about what

now passes for the game, Hass says, "You must approach our brand of ball with humor or you'll go nuts. Like the time one fan played a hula at a game to inspire our team and then, when we were hopelessly behind, stood behind our bench and played taps. At first I was mad, but then I laughed. Sometimes we can't gain a yard against a gust of wind. It's hard to realize how little our players know about the game because half of them never played before. Once I yelled to a boy, 'Move out, move out' so he'd play wider. But he moved right off the field so we had only 10 men on that down. Another time, I told a boy to go in motion. He just looked at me. 'Go in motion,' I said. Then he said, 'Like this' and he stood there and shook his body all over. One of the best blocks I ever saw was when our left end hit and went out telling our linebacker or tackle. He crashed through and knocked down two men: our linebacker and tackle. Don't ask me how it happened."

Several years ago there was a skit entitled *Football Returns to the University of Chicago* starring the coach and two new students named Morgenstern and Throckmorton. When Throckmorton accidentally pokes his head in the coach's office the latter's eyes pop, and he exclaims, "You must be about 195." Whereupon the student's eyes pop, thinking the 195 refers to his IQ. When the coach tells Morgenstern to hand the ball back between his legs to a teammate, he says, "But I hardly ever do."

It has been almost that bad in real life. What other school can boast of having been affiliated with almost as many Nobel Prize winners (17) as players (usually around 40). Has played at Soldier Field to a virtually empty house and is urged by fans to solve football matters by "rational discourse." It is Chicago, a team Notre Dame has played four times—and never beaten.

Chicago continued to vary play in 1969 by losing 6-0 to the Wheaton JV's and since then it has won eight and lost 19. Maroon football is pockmarked by no-nos: no real scholarships, no team dorm, no recruiting, no training table, no practice field tower for Hass to pontificate from, no 15-year schedule, no pro scouts. Oh, the Maroons do have

continued



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moves of their games, but they look like amalgamations of the best of Harold Lloyd, Mack Sennett and Woody Allen.

Sometimes, because of late classes, there are not enough players for a scrimmage. Yet this may change: nine new players showed up after this season's first game—a 32-6 loss. To be certain newcomers know how to man their battle stations, they must turn in to Hass notes signed by experienced hands stating that they understand the rudiments of football.

Chicago students are not as disdainful of football as they were in 1961 when hundreds of them, angered because CBS wanted to film a club game, staged a sit-in on the 50-yard line to express their belief that "football represents all that is antithetical to the development of the mind." Now the students pretty much cheer for Chicago to win, and home crowds average a respectable 1,200.

In the days when the Maroons produced Big Ten championships and whole squads of All-Americans, they had Big Bertha, the world's largest bass drum, 8' high. When football was dropped, Big Bertha was sold to the Texas Longhorns. In 1957 some Chicagans stole Big Bertha from the Texans and vanned it home, there to be greeted by nearly 2,000 people, most of them cheering the bring-back-football movement. Others, though, tossed stink bombs, water bombs and flour sacks and fired Roman candles at Big Bertha. The drum was promptly returned to the Longhorns.

Because students felt they "had to have the biggest something," the Maroons acquired Big Ed, reportedly the world's largest kazoo. Big Ed, a 15-footer, does not make a sound, but that does not matter since kazoo players abound on campus and help produce halftime shows that are wonderfully giddy affairs. Anyone may partake, and, when the band—three or four real horn tooters—launches into *When the Saints Go Marching In*, the encourage marches in like no saints ever before. Dozens of kazoo players—from philosophy majors to kindergarten—lead the way, followed by mothers pushing kids in baby carriages, by students burrowing their noses in textbooks, by stray dogs. When the announcer solemnly intones, "And now the band will form a bust of Mayor Daley," the motley group dances and prances, and about the closest it comes to

the script is that it is a complete hush.

Chicago football may be low-key, but Coach Hass delights in it. "The greatest satisfaction is watching kids learn and develop," he says. He also lauds about increased alumni donations. "One player from our club-team days says that what he remembers most is that I gave oranges to the players on game days. So each year he gives me \$50 and says, 'Buy some oranges.'" Now, if Hass could only get another alum to donate a bowl, Chicago would have its very own orange bowl.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

Chicago was not invited to a bowl last week, but other teams were. Here is the lineup: Rose, USC vs. Michigan or Ohio State; Orange: Nebraska vs. Notre Dame; Cotton: Alabama vs. Texas; Sugar: Oklahoma vs. Penn State; Gator: Colorado vs. Auburn; Astro-Bluebonnet: LSU vs. Tennessee; Sun: North Carolina vs. Texas Tech; Liberty: Georgia Tech vs. Iowa State; Tangerine: Kent State vs. Tampa; Fiesta: Missouri vs. WAC champion Peach; North Carolina State vs. West Virginia.

MIDWEST

1. MICHIGAN (10-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (8-1)
3. NEBRASKA (8-1-1)

Purdue played brilliantly for 57 minutes against Michigan but a brief, though not unexpected, letdown was all the Wolverines needed for a 9-6 victory. Michigan won with one minute left on a 30-yard field goal by a left-footed Vietnam veteran with water on the knee who had earlier moved an extra point. Coach Bo Schembecher suggested afterward that the error by Mike Lantry was "why we had to go through all this," but a better reason seemed to be the inspired play of Purdue. After a Michigan pass interception with 3:01 remaining, Purdue seemed to fill Coach Bob DeMoss' post-game analysis. "This was one of the best efforts Purdue has ever made," he said, "but when we had to stop them we couldn't."

The Wolverines, held to a season-low 100 yards rushing, gained 39 of them on successive running bursts to move within field-goal range. "Just like in practice," Schem-

becher advised Lantry, whose game performance had been less than inspiring. "I tried to be as cool as I could," said Lantry. "I looked up and it was going through."

With its ground attack shut off, Michigan showed unaccustomed passing ability. Dennis Franklin completed 10 of 15 passes for 143 yards and the game's only touchdown in bringing the Wolverines back from their first deficit of the year.

Duffy Daugherty won't get that winning season his Michigan State players promised, but a 14-10 loss to Minnesota does maintain his winless record in the Gopher hole—Minneapolis. It was a frustrating defeat for the retiring Daugherty, whose team gave up one touchdown on a 36-yard return of an intercepted lateral and was twice stopped on fourth-down plays at the Minnesota three in the final period.

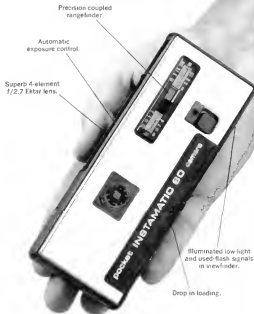
Ohio State Fullback Champ Hanson set two school records in a tough 27-14 win over Northwestern but it was the play-action passing of Greg Hart that sustained the Buckeyes. Hart's seven completions in 12 attempts set up three of Hanson's four scoring plunges. "When they put 11 men on the line of scrimmage, you have to throw a little," reasoned Woody Hayes. Hanson has a record 19 touchdowns for the season and his 44 carries in the game set another mark. "I kind of wish he waited until next week," said Woods, who faces Michigan Saturday. In other Big Ten games, Indiana snapped a four-game skid by beating Iowa 16-8, and Illinois captured its third straight, 27-7 over Wisconsin. Chris Gartner's three field goals paced the Hoosiers while the Illini took advantage of a Badger team that has not won on the road in two years.

Missouri defeated Iowa State 6-5 on a pair of three-run homers, uh, field goals, by Greg Hill. The first came with two seconds left in the half and the second with 1:27 remaining in the game. Cyclone Coach John Majors tried to add a little pressure to the situation by calling a time-out before the winning kick but Hill would not wait. "This is my biggest loss as a coach," said Majors.

Kansas Coach Don Fambrough invited interested parties to submit game plans for use against Oklahoma. The one he finally decided on did not work too well. The Sooners romped 31-7, although Coach Chuck Fairbanks was disappointed in his team's performance. "We really slipped around out there," he said. Greg Pruitt rushed 16 times for 135 yards but missed the second half with a bruised ankle.

Bob Devaney upset the Nebraska agricultural population two weeks ago when he compared his players to "a bunch of farmers standing around at a picnic." Last week, following a 59-7 crushing of Kansas State, Devaney tried to make amends. "We looked like a bunch of farmers with a harvest to

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL — continued

bring in who did their typically expert job," he said.

More expert than most was Johnny Rodgers, who caught five passes and scored two touchdowns, one on his seventh all-the-way punt return of the season to tie the NCAA record. "Rodgers is n't only the most exciting offensive player of the year," said Kansas State's Vince Gibson, "but he might just be the greatest college player of all time."

Colorado won the Raneland Air Bowl with Air Force 38-7 by scoring three times after turnovers gave it open-time field position. "I thought we were ready to play a hell of a game today," said the Falcon's Ben Martin, "but I guess somebody up there didn't like me."

Miami set out on two fourth-quarter scoring drives that narrowed Notre Dame's lead to 20-17 but a missed field goal with 1:31 remaining left the comeback short. Kent State won its first Mid-American championship in 22 years, defeating Toledo 27-9.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (9-4)
2. DELAWARE (10-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (8-3)

For more than a half it was just like an old-time movie-house sing-along as everyone followed the bounding ball. Then Penn State got its defense in order while Quameback John Hufnagel just kept on trucking. Boston College, which had matched the Nittany Lions' 10-for-10 and TD-for-TD from the start, finally succumbed 45-28. Hufnagel broke it open with a 76-yard scoring completion to Jimmy Scott and a 57-yard run. His day's work produced a school record 365 yards, two touchdowns passing and two running. John Cappelletti rushed for 107 yards and joined Lenny Moore and Tyrell Mitchell on the Lions' 1,000-yard roster.

Boston College scored on its first play, an 85-yard pass from Gary Marangi to Mel Huggs. Marangi also concluded the point test with a 48-yard connection to Mike Esposito. In defeating the Eagles, Penn State extended a 40-year-old unbeaten streak against New England teams to 26 games.

Syracuse suffered a 43-12 loss to West Virginia, giving Orange Coach Ben Schwartzwalder only the second losing season of his career and the first in 25 years. Ben, who faces mandatory retirement after next season, was done in by a sophomore, Danny (Lightning) Huggs, who carried four times for 199 yards, caught two passes for 76 and scored three touchdowns. "If there is a better runner or a more dangerous runner, I have not seen him," said West Virginia Coach Bobby Broderick.

Kingsley Fink passed for a late touchdown and set up the winning field goal with a 79-yard pass play to Barry Armstrong as Arms came from behind to beat Holy Cross 15-13. Jim Barclay's kick from 20 yards out was good with 38 seconds remaining. Less than five minutes earlier Fink had completed a 10-yard scoring pass to Jim Ward. Bucknell gave small-college leader Delaware unexpected trouble before the Blue Hens won their 14th straight, 20-3. After a scoreless first half Bucknell took a 3-0 lead with the only third-quarter points Delaware has allowed this year. A 12-yard run by Blair Caines put the Hens ahead to stay. Williams scuttled Amherst's unbeaten hopes with a 21-12 victory in the Little Three championship game. In its 108th game with Lafayette, Lehigh won 14-6 by stopping the Leopards on the one in the final three minutes. Tom Parr paced Colgate past Boston University 26-0 with 117 yards rushing, 101 passing and two touchdowns. Temple and Villanova wanted no repeat of last year's tie, so the coaches agreed to sudden death if this year's game was deadlocked after regulation play. It was close, but not that close. Temple won 12-10 and the only thing in danger of dying suddenly is the Villanova program, which school critics want to end.

The Ivy League race came down to next week's Dartmouth-Penn and Harvard-Yale games. Dartmouth whipped Cornell 31-22 and Penn topped Columbia 20-14. Penn had the tougher time, trailing 14-0 before getting unstruck. Yale maintained its chance for a share of the championship by blasting Princeton 31-7 behind Dick Jauron's three touchdowns. Red Foster came off the bench to gain 159 yards in 13 carries and score two TDs in Harvard's 21-14 victory over Brown.

Rutgers repeated last year's victory in the first Urban Classic by routing Morgan State 37-14.

WEST

1. USC (10-0)
2. UCLA (8-3)
3. ARIZONA STATE (8-2)

Arizona State seemed locked out of its familiar place atop the Western Athletic Conference standings until Utah and Arizona nose-dived last week. While State was bombing San Jose State 51-21 in a nonconference victory, Hugham Young was frustrating the Utes 16-7 and Wyoming was stunning the Wildcats 22-14. The Sun Devils, who were led by Woody Green's 201 yards and two touchdowns, can win the WAC by defeating Arizona this week. Utah could have had the inside track but in the final 3:30

continued



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two fumbles and a pass interception cost the Utes the game and probably the conference title. Also in the wacky WAC, Colorado State ended the nation's longest losing streak at nine games by defeating Texas-E Paso 35-22 on Willie Miller's two scoring receptions in the fourth period.

While most of the nation was following the Pacific Eight leaders in their annual playoff for the Los Angeles area championship, other local rivalries were also being settled. Washington State's harassing defense intercepted three passes, all by Eric Johnson, and nailed Sunny Sedikiller six times in a 27-10 defeat of Washington. Sedikiller was so galled he fumbled three snaps from center. Oregon defeated Oregon State for the first time in nine years, 30-3. Don Reynolds took the Ducks' first scrimmage play 60 yards for a touchdown. California won the San Francisco area championship by upsetting Stanford 24-21. Steve Sweeney's diving catch on a fourth-and-goal pass from the seven won the game as time ran out.

If a team cannot hold that line, it matters little that the nation's leading punter is anating the snap from center. This is what Southern Mississippi discovered when Utah State recovered Ray Guy's blocked punt in the end zone with five seconds left to break a deadlock, and defeat the Southerners 27-21. Earlier Guy had kicked three field goals, one a 61-yarder that broke the NCAA record. Mitchell True gained a school and PCAA conference record 310 yards in 37 carries as Pacific upset previously unbeaten University of California-Davis 36-26.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (8-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (8-2)
3. HOUSTON (5-4-1)

Although the distraction may not be as impressive as it was when the Southwest Conference annually produced two or three teams among the nation's leaders, Texas is the league champion for the fifth successive year. The Longhorns clinched the title with their third straight shutout of Texas Christian and first of the season, 27-0. The Horned Frogs never drove inside the Texas 40, while all the Longhorn touchdowns came on quarterback streaks, three by Alan Lowry. Sleepy conditions caused 15 fumbles, each team losing four. Roosevelt Leaks earned just three times in the fourth quarter and finished with 96 yards in rushing, the sophomore's first game under 100 in six weeks.

Texas Tech defeated Baylor 13-7 as the Bears were stymied by five fumbles and two pass interceptions. Turnovers also cost Arkansas, the preseason conference favorite,

which suffered its fourth loss in five games. 22-7. Southern Methodist converted two fumbles and a pass interception into short scoring drives. Arkansas lost six fumbles.

Al Conover prepared no gimmicks for Rice's game with Texas A&M but he did loosen up following the Owls' 20-14 victory. Unable to find Aggie Coach Emory Bellard for the usual post-game handshake, he turned to the A&M band and conducted a brief musical interlude. "One helluva fine band," said Jolly Al.

His team wasn't too bad either, rallying from a 14-0 deficit to win on a pair of fourth-quarter field goals by Mark Williams. Freshman Roland Boyce continued his clutch ball carrying. His three yards in three carries produced a touchdown, he also got the needed distance on two third-down plays.

Podden Jones tallied three times and his 184 yards in 30 carries pushed him above the 1,000-yard mark for the season in Houston's 33-14 romp past New Mexico. D.C. Nobles contributed two third-quarter scoring passes.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (10-0)
2. LSU (8-1)
3. AUBURN (8-1)

"It gets right down to the men themselves. They want out determined to do what it took to win. They asked no quarter. They just did what needed to be done." Wellington at Waterloo? Grant at Appomattox? George C. Scott at the Bunker? No, Shug Jordan at Cliff Hare Stadium in Auburn, explaining how his Tigers have managed to win eight of nine games this season. Georgia became the latest chapter in the Southeastern Conference's most surprising success story by falling 27-10. Auburn entered the game without Perry Henley, the league's leading rusher, but substitute Chris Lindermon filled in admirably. He gained 26 yards on the Tigers' first play and 47 yards for a touchdown on the second. The sophomore finished with 149 yards in 28 carries.

Tennessee recorded its second straight shutout in a 17-0 victory over Ole Miss, which will not attend a postseason bowl game for the first time in 16 years. Haskel Stambaugh scored twice for the Volunteers and Neal Clabo kept the Rebel offense backed up by averaging 47 yards on five punts. Louisiana State needed two fourth-quarter touchdowns to get past Mississippi State 28-14. Ben Jones, who threw for one touchdown and ran for another, surpassed the school's career total offense mark, Kentucky gave up the full nine times in a 40-0 loss to Florida. Nat Moore gained 111 of his 146

yards in the first quarter. Alabama crushed Virginia Tech 52-13 with six different players scoring touchdowns. The Crimson Tide defense gave Don Strock, the nation's leading passer, a thorough going over with four interceptions. He completed only 15 of 35 passes for a paltry 98 yards. "Whatever Alabama is running for," said Goblifer Coach Charlie Coffey, "it has my vote."

The nation's third-leading passer did not do too well either. Gary Huff also was intercepted four times and three of them led to scores as South Carolina upset Florida State 24-21. Huff did pass for three touchdowns but the total was marred by gamecock sophomore Dobbs Grossman. The winning punt came on a 38-yard field goal by Bobby Marano with 1:28 left. Paul Dargatzel called on the freshman after his regular specialist missed two previous attempts. Georgia Tech devastated Navy 30-7 as the passing of Eddie McAshin increased his load of career records held or shared to 15. Middle sophomore Cleveland Cooper entered his school's record book also, replacing Hersman Trephry winner Joe Bellino. Cooper gained 112 yards, giving him 911 for the year, or 77 more than Bellino's best mark in 1980. Tulane defeated Vanderbilt 21-7 and Tampa's Eric Dufosse led a 29-22 defeat of Bowling Green by scoring three touchdowns, gaining 95 yards on 20 carries and catching five passes for 83 more.

North Carolina completed its second straight unbeaten season in the Atlantic Coast Conference with a 14-0 defeat of old rival Duke. The Blue Devil defense limited the Tar Heels' ground game to 105 yards and held them scoreless until the last 10 minutes. A pair of touchdown passes from Nick

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: South Carolina's Eric Dufosse. Back Neville Eiles was Gary Huff's chief nemesis in the Gamecocks' 24-21 upset victory over Florida State. Eiles intercepted three passes, recovered a fumble and made five unassisted tackles.

THE LINEMAN: California End Steve Sweeney's winning catch against Stanford was his 11th TD reception of the year. A Pacific Light forard, his 42 catches ties Cal's single-season high and his three-year total of 132 is a career mark.

Vindicator: Ken Taylor of 17 and 36 yards produced the only touchdowns, The Tar Heel defense, which has allowed just 13 points in the team's last four games, intercepted Duke six times. North Carolina State exploded for four touchdowns in the second quarter in a 42-17 crush of Clemson. The Wolfpack established ACC single-season records for total offense, best downs and points scored.

END

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Given his odds of 1 to 10, it was hardly a surprise that the 2-year-old champion colt Secretariat won last week's Garden State Stakes by 3½ lengths over entry mate Angle Light. What was a shock was the attitude of Secretariat's trainer, Lucien Laurin. He said the colt, now winner of seven of his nine races and \$456,404 (including the Garden State purse of \$179,199) might be kept out of the 1973 Kentucky Derby. Yes, that's right, the Derby!

What on earth could have prompted this sort of thinking? Laurin, who won last year's Garden State with another of Mrs. John (Penny) Tweedy's horses, Riva Ridge, explained, "This is something I feel strongly about. Last spring I cranked up Riva perfectly to win the Derby and the Belmont Stakes. No matter what he did after that, I believe that since he won two of the three prestige races for 3-year-olds, he is deserving of the championship. If Riva doesn't win the title after those performances, it must mean that the Derby is losing its prestige. If somebody else can win a championship either by skipping those races—or running and getting beaten in them—what's the use of running in the Derby? I hope I won't have to make this decision because I feel that Secretariat has an even better chance in the Triple Crown races than Riva Ridge had."

Penny Tweedy, sipping coffee on the morning of the Garden State, added, "I feel pretty much the same way right now. But it's late in the year and we're all tired. So naturally our thoughts are subject to change in the spring in Florida." Jockey Ron Turcotte, the regular rider for both of Laurin's stars, noted, "Secretariat is great, all right, but don't ask me to knock my first Derby winner. Naturally I'd like to ride a second one."

Secretariat, a magnificent large (16 hands, 3 inches, 1,100 pounds) chestnut, is a son of Bold Ruler and the Prancequillo mare Somethingroyal. A half brother to the 1962 standout Sir Gaylord, Secretariat is described by Laurin as "beautiful—everything about him is out of this world. It's hard to say whether or not he is better than Riva Ridge, but overall he impresses me more because in all his races he has taken the worst of it by coming from behind, usually eeling his field. A colt has to be a real runner to do this consistently and get away with it."

Thorns among the roses

The winner of the '72 Derby bouquet probably has lost the year's top honor, making his trainer prickly; he talks of bypassing the '73 race

Secretariat ran the same way with the same success in the Garden State Breaking last and from the outside post position in the small field of six. Ron Turcotte dropped the colt in behind the leaders going into the clubhouse turn, while brother Rudy Turcotte, riding Angle Light, duelled for the lead with Pamea, a Kentucky-bred but Venezuelan-raised colt whose owner, Miguel Alfonso, spoke of as "possibly another Camonero." Secretariat began to move at the half-mile pole, and although to the inside of him two horses, Knightly Dawn and Impecunious, were involved in some rough stuff (resulting in the subsequent disqualification of Impecunious from fourth to fifth), none of this bothered Secretariat, who rolled up on the outside. He took the lead from Angle Light at the head of the stretch and galloped home, with Ron sitting pretty and looking sure of his riding fee of \$17,919. Brother Rudy collected \$5,973 for finishing second on Angle Light. Laurin will cash a check for \$23,892 and now depart for his Key Largo, Fla. home—and six weeks of bonefishing.

And what of Secretariat who covered his mile and ½th in a moderate 1:44½ to clinch the 2-year-old colt championship? "He stands a chance of becoming Horse of the Year, I would think," said Laurin, "Secretariat lost his first start, in which he was bothered, and The Champagne through a disqualification, but otherwise he has looked invincible." "But if he doesn't get that title—and the voters aren't prejudiced against 2-year-olds—you'd have to consider the filly La Prevoyance, unbeaten in 12 races."

Having done all he can to swing the vote in his favor, Secretariat now rests for a month. Until spring there will be no opportunities to meet La Prevoyance, Skip the Music (the colt awarded The Champagne after being bumped by Secretariat) or the pride of California, Grosbeak, who is trained by Charlie Whittingham. "I intend to do the same with

Secretariat during the winter as I did with Riva Ridge last year," said Laurin. "These decisions, mind you, are arrived at jointly by Mrs. Tweedy and myself. When things go wrong, as they did in the second half of Riva's 3-year-old season, I must blame myself. I know that if I advise Mrs. Tweedy not to run a horse in a specific race, she will never tell me that I have to."

"Secretariat will start his 3-year-old season a little sooner than Riva Ridge did because Hialeah will be opening earlier. This means he may appear in the Bahamas at seven furlongs on Jan. 31, the Everglades at a mile and 5/16 on Feb. 14 and the Flamingo, also at nine furlongs, on March 3. After that, if we're headed for the Derby, we'll aim for the Blue Grass at Keeneland, but if we skip the Derby we'll come back to New York for the Wood Memorial in late April."

Whether Secretariat makes it to Churchill Downs or not, there will be those, when the time comes, who will knock his chances. There is a real question what a son of Bold Ruler may or may not be able to do at three. Though he was seven times the country's leading stallion, Bold Ruler was at his best racing at less than classic distances. He was fourth in the 1957 Derby behind Iron Liege, Gallant Man and Round Fable. After his retirement he sired more than 65 stakes winners, but precious few of them (the wonderful race mares Gamely and Lamb Chop were exceptions) have earned their reputations over Triple Crown distances. Bold Lad, for example, the champion 2-year-old in 1964, beat only one horse in the 1965 Derby, won by Lucky Debonair. The 1966 Garden State winner (and also 2-year-old champion) Successor was sixth in the 1967 Derby, beaten eight lengths by Proud Clarion. That season's 2-year-old champ, Vintrotic, never made it to the 1968 Derby.

Secretariat may change all this at Louisville next May. At the moment I certainly wouldn't bet against it. **END**



Another promise broken?

Last June, Roberto Duran was dazzling as he demolished Ken Buchanan. Last week his loss to Esteban DeJesus revived an old boxing riddle

The few that survive all of those big, bare gyms that never feel the sunlight, the few who come from beer-stained Colon or the bush country where they hunt iguanas at night with their hands or from the district of Chorrillo on the rim of Panama city where people sit and sweat by their windows and watch squalls of kids and sometimes men break each other's bones... well, they are a special few... gifted, cruel, as ephemeral as that sudden blast of hot ocean wind that can blow the steam away.

They come out of their land, the Durans, the Lagunas and the Ansayas, all of them wearing their large, gold religious medals and enigmatic smiles, all of them with enough talent to reach up and grab the erratic focus of the public and never let it go. They seem to rise to a moment and grace it with a brilliance that can make a crowd hum like a huge electric cable. Then, when the moment is gone, something also seems to be gone from them, and all that hangs in the air is a broken promise.

Once more that promise of sustained greatness from a Panamanian fighter seems to be resting on the chopping block. The man who put it there was Esteban DeJesus, of Puerto Rico. He did

it in 10 cool, nontrite rounds last Friday night in Madison Square Garden, flecking Roberto Duran, the undefeated lightweight champion of the world, off his arm as if he were an Eighth Avenue stray looking for a touch, and becalming a volatile crowd of 9,144 that portended chaos had the decision been close.

As it was, the outcome was hardly in the balance as DeJesus, 22, a year older than Duran, took control early and kept it like an old trouper, an underpaid one at that. He had been beaten only once in 31 fights. The Garden got him in against Duran for \$10,000, but he came up with a six-figure piece of work in what largely seemed to be a subway fight, something for the Latins to grind up verbally, a more proper atmosphere would have been a roped-off square up in the South Bronx.

The bout only figured to be a break one, devised to provide another look at Duran, who had won the title from Ken Buchanan in June. On that night the handsome Duran was a primitive. He was far from that last week but more important was the fight made by DeJesus. It was, from beginning to end, one of the smartest, most poised performances put together by a young light-

TOUCHING UP a strong market: DeJesus rans rained lightweight champ Duran on the cat

er, or any fighter for that matter, in the Garden in years. It had textbook details to it with a smooth finish, a rounded quality that even gagged those who can never forget "the way it use to be."

Dog hard, but who could spot a flaw? Every move DeJesus made, on the attack or on defense, was precise and strikingly natural. It was all there: the economy of a fine craftsman, flashing hand speed, feet that seemed to have an intelligence of their own and a wise old head defensively. He made Duran, a relentless free swinger, miss all night. He just stepped inside as Duran drove forward, then hooked him with his left or turned over a snapping right hand to Duran's head.

One of the first of those hooks may well have won the fight for DeJesus. In the early moments Duran was caught by a quick right that shook him, and then several seconds later was dropped by a left hook. Later, Duran had no idea what his head had run into, or where it came from. Asked what he thought of the left that sent him down, he said: "No left. A right hand knocked me down." At any rate, he was never the same again, which may not have been too good to begin with. After the hook Esteban beat him to the punch repeatedly, something he may never get a chance to do again.

Aside from critical praise DeJesus comes out of this biggest victory of his career with very little. For DeJesus, the possibility of a crack at Duran's title is now remote, if not completely out of the question. Duran's manager, Carlos Elela, made that quiet claim the afternoon of the fight. He sat in his hotel suite and hardly mentioned DeJesus. The impression gathered was that DeJesus would merely be a stroll for Duran. Yes, but what if DeJesus won? "He will never get a title fight with Duran," he said. "Never."

DeJesus' victory could now keep him away from the title for as much as two years. There is no boxing justice, only the lure of an irresistible gate to bring a wary champion into the ring, and even that, one senses, will not be enough to bait Duran. He has a return bout with Buchanan in June, and after that he and Elela will move cautiously: certainly nowhere near Esteban DeJesus. If Duran ever did fight him, it would surely take

continued

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place in Panama, and not even DeJesus could win there: only an act of God or heavy infantry can take a title out of Panama.

The one thing that DeJesus can do is wait for Duran to go the way all Panamanian fighters seem to travel. A couple of years back, for instance, there was Antonio Amaya, a slick, hold workman if ever there was one. His debut in the Garden was memorable, but he is among the missing now; Eleta was also his manager. Where is he? "Ah, Antonio Amaya?" Eleta says wistfully, remembering that beautiful razor of a fighter. "Gone. Lost. Suddenly, the talent, it was gone."

Then there is the classic slide of Ismael Laguna, who fought one of the truly superb fights of the decade when he won the title from Carlos Ortiz back in 1965. But after that night Laguna was never the same. His talent seemed—with just a snap of the fingers—to have vanished. Once he was out of the bush country, the nights and neon of Panama and the frenzied devotion of his countrymen did Laguna in quickly. And for Duran? It may have been that the left hook of DeJesus made Duran look the way he did, or again it could be that there is truth to rumors that have floated up from Panama. The reports say that success and the sweet smell of the nights are once more claiming a Panamanian champion.

It is easy to see how it happens in Panama. To be a champion there is to be a very special person. Mobbs of people follow you on the street, asking only to touch you. A good example of how a Duran is looked upon occurred the night he won the title, and the day of his reception back home. On the night of the fight the streets of Panama city were dark and silent; positively no one was out. Bars were open but, except for those with TV, doing little business. Then, as soon as the fight was over, the people spilled out onto the streets and danced and drank and cried until dawn.

When Duran arrived back in Panama, thousands of people waited to greet him, among them many high officials of the national guard. Brigadier General Omar Torrijos, who is the most powerful man in the country, did not make the airport scene but he told Duran in no uncertain terms that his first defense of the title had to be made in Panama. It takes 45 minutes from the airport to

the city. Duran and his motorcade were far longer getting in. His car finally came to a stop in Chorrillo, where he was born and raised and danced and fought in the streets for coins, where his mother, without a husband and never close to her son, let him run as he pleased. Duran got out of his car and raised his hands for quiet. The people stood silently on the balconies, nothing stirred. Then Duran, his young voice splatting the air, opened his hands, saying "El campeonato mundial pertenece al pueblo Panameño."

The title, he was saying, belonged to them, and he promised that they would never have any reason not to respect him, that he would never forget them, the people of his old neighborhood where he returns before each fight to kneel in front of his mother and be doused with holy water. But all of that was far away last week in his dressing room in the Garden, as the champion dressed quickly and said little through his interpreters. "Can't say he was in as good shape for this fight as he was for Buchanan," said Ray Arcel, his trainer. "Too many things happening suddenly for him. He's been wined and dined and celebrated since he won the title. He's been inactive. He needs to stay in shape, build his stamina."

Back-alley baroque, that might do justice to Duran's style. It is a constant aggression on the body and spirit of an opponent, without fear or even thoughts of how the opponent will counter, a consideration in back of the minds of most fighters when they throw a punch. He knows he is going to be hit, and he knows that his only defense is his furious prouf of an offense, and that above all he must beat the other man to the punch, not once but consistently. The style requires more leg and wind than others must use, thus impeccable behavior in the gym and on those long, dreary stretches of road in the early morning. "Stamina!" Arcel repeated again. "He's got to have it. Or..."

Duran was not immobile against DeJesus, but there was a peculiar lassitude that marked his moves. His interpreters added that Duran "felt weak, didn't have it, didn't know what was wrong."

"Go home," Arcel whispered to the champion as he was ready to leave. "Go home, take a nice hot bath, and then we'll see."

More sensible advice will most surely follow.

END

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SOFTLY

The Golden Jet is earning his gold

Chicago penalty on No. 2 for holding." Referee Bill Friday was telling the public-address announcer, when suddenly Bobby Hull interrupted him with a loud screech, "What the hell are you talking about, Friday?" Hull protested. This was during a game between the Winnipeg Jets and the Chicago Cougars before Hull was unleashed by the courts. "He didn't do a damn . . . oops. Sorry about that, Bill. Good call, real good call." Hull and Friday both started to laugh. "I keep thinking I'm still Chicago," Hull apologized. Indeed, there are times when Hull forgets he is the \$3 million player-coach of the Jets of the World Hockey Association and not the \$100,000 left wing of the Chicago Black Hawks in that other league.

Hull's problems are understandable, however, considering the physical and emotional pressures he has been subjected to since his defection from the NHL five months ago. The WHA banked its future on Hull's glamour, prestige and slap shot, and the other 11 teams in the league kicked in \$100,000 apiece toward the package that persuaded Hull to go to Winnipeg. Suits and countersuits over the NHL's reserve clause blossomed, and Hull was not permitted to play for Team Canada in the series against the Soviet Union.

"I can't imagine spending a worse summer," Hull says. "The Team Canada thing was stupid and ridiculous, but the court cases were just unbearable. Chicago or Winnipeg? Only the judges knew." When the courts finally gave Hull permission to join the Jets a fortnight ago, the WHA season was already a month old. Most attendance figures contained only four digits, and began with numbers like 1, 2 and 3. "The people aren't buying my act," admitted Derek Sanderson, the former Bruin who has been a \$2.3 million bust for the Philadelphia Flyers.

They are buying Hull's, though. In his first game Bobby sold out the Coliseum in Quebec City as the largest crowd of the year—10,126—watched Les Nordiques beat Hull's Jets 3-1. The next

Freed by the courts, Bobby Hull, the WHA's \$3 million keystone, is drawing crowds on and off ice

night Hull lured 5,044 fans to the rink in Ottawa, 3,000 more than the Nationals had been averaging. Back in Winnipeg, Hull attracted crowds of 7,487, 7,563 and 5,105 as the Jets won two of three games. "I figure Bobby meant at least 1,500 tickets for each game," said Winnipeg Owner Ben Haskin. "Take the last crowd, Winnipeg is not the richest place in the world. A man simply cannot afford to spend \$20 to watch three hockey games in five nights. Still, more than 5,000 people came out for the third game. I thought we would have 4,000 at the most."

Leaving Winnipeg last Wednesday morning, Hull flew to Edmonton for a

game that night with the Alberta Oilers in the 5,200-seat Klondike Palace. "We're sold out for the first time this year," said Oiler General Manager Wild Bill Hunter, who then excused himself to take a phone call from the fire chief. Hunter slammed down the phone. "He won't let us sell any standing-room tickets," Hunter said, shaking his head. A few minutes later Hull called Hunter to inquire about his own tickets for the game, and Hunter said he would send them right over to his hotel. "Make sure Hull pays you for the tickets," Hunter told his messenger. "He's got the money, and we need it. We've paid him enough already."

Hull has worked overtime to publicize the WHA and generate interest among the paying spectators. Last Tuesday morning he was up at eight o'clock to participate in a phone-in radio show in



DESPITE ROUGH TREATMENT AND AN ACHING KNEE, HULL WHOOPS IT UP FOR THE JETS

Winnipeg. At noontime he was the guest speaker at the Kiwanis luncheon at the Fort Garry Hotel. A few hours later the Selkirk (Manitoba) Steelers gave him a steel puck in appreciation for his contributions to amateur hockey in that area. In Edmonton the next day Hull was greeted at his hotel by a battery of newspapermen and broadcasters and a delegation that presented him an Edmonton Eskimos' ceremonial blanket for attending a football banquet in the city last month.

In short, Hull has been everything that the pampered modern superstar supposedly is not. However, he hopes that his public relations obligations will subside soon so that he can concentrate on hockey. As coach of the Jets, Hull runs the practice sessions and either chews out or cheers up the players between periods, but he leaves the actual game maneuvers to another former Black Hawk, Nick Mickoski. "No way you can coach and play at the same time," Hull says. "I haven't had any problems with these kids. At the start I told them to cut their hair and keep it off their face, and now you don't see any longhairs on this club." Especially not on the coach, who still looks pretty bald on top despite his Sinatra-style hair transplants.

On the trip to Edmonton, Hull handled such coaching chores as passing out meal money, reminding the players to collect taxi receipts at all times and counting heads on the bus. His first harmonica crisis is yet to come.

On the ice, though, Hull has not been quite so efficient. After seven games he had scored only three goals. One problem has been the strained ligaments in his right knee. After the game in Edmonton the knee swelled to about twice its normal size. It resembled a piece of sponge cake. "It really slows me down," Hull says, "but I'm not ready to complain yet. I've never had my knee cut open the way Bobby Orr has, and I never will. As long as it can get better with rest and cortisone, no sense cutting."

Another difficulty for Hull has been his lack of conditioning. "The summer murdered me," he says. "With all the commitments, I lost 10 pounds and an awful lot of energy. For someone who's 33 years old and should know better, I can be pretty stupid. I took vitamins faithfully for 12 or 13 years, and then I quit them the same time I quit eating reg-

ularly and stopped drinking beer. Right now I'm a wreck."

When he left the NHL Hull figured he had seen the last of the Eddie Westfalls and Val Fonteynes and the Bryan Watsons who had made careers of trailing him all over the ice and harassing him at every turn. "The WHA wants me to score goals, to bring the people into the rink," he observes ruefully. "So what happens? There I am in Quebec City, playing my first game in about seven months, and when I move out for the face-off, this kid—I think his name is Bergeron—stands beside me, and then doesn't leave my side for the rest of the night. I thought those days were over." In Edmonton, Fonteyne, who had jumped from the Pittsburgh Penguins, not only shadowed Hull wherever he went and kept him in check most of the game, he also scored a goal himself as Edmonton eventually won 3-1.

However, the lone Winnipeg goal showed the effect Hull has on goaltenders. Christian Borgeleau, whom Hull had persuaded to jump with him from Chicago, skated down the right wing as he and Hull were killing off a penalty. Hull trailed Borgeleau by about 10 feet, and Goaltender Jack Norris obviously expected Borgeleau to drop a pass to Hull and then screen Bobby's shot. While Norris was thinking about the shot Hull surely would make, Borgeleau fired the puck himself and beat the goalie easily from 35 feet.

All in all, Hull has no regrets about his move to Winnipeg. "In a way it's sad, I spent 15 years in the National Hockey League—and now I get my reward in another league. You can say what you want about the WHA, but it has made the players rich."

"I was in Vancouver the night before the Canada-Russia game. My brother Dennis and I were having dinner at the Ritz with a few friends when Wayne Cashman of the Bruins stopped by to say hello. He asked me if I needed any tickets for the game, and I said I could use a few. He took out six tickets and gave them to me. Well, I reached into my pocket to get some money, but Cash waved me off."

"Bobby," he said to me, "there's no way I can ever repay you for what you did for me and all the rest of us by going with the WHA. We're all making more money thanks to you."

Even Referee Bill Friday.

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Total Loss Weekend

Action is his passion. It is Saturday noon and his bets are down on contests coast to coast. With the blinds drawn, two televisions tuned and a radio fitfully broadcasting game scores, the tense vigil begins by DON DeLILLO

CJ lives in Yonkers now. The sign on the train station reads Mount Vernon but I know this is Yonkers, a place strong and settled in its facelessness. There is a second level of weather here, subterranean and dangerously mild. I think of Los Angeles, Brasília and the moon, places known not for their landscapes as much as for their fundamental beings, what they seem to represent.

The large apartment building where CJ lives is only five minutes from the train station (13 minutes from Yonkers Raceway), and after I ring the outer bell, get buzzed into the lobby, take the elevator to four and walk through the long dim hall, he opens the door and leads me into the living room. I notice the TV sets, two of them, both turned

continued





on. CJ himself, T-shirted and unshaven, nearing 40, seems the least animate thing in the room right now, not yet having reached his Saturday afternoon glow point. He appears eager enough for the siege of events but, as always in times like this (the beginning of ordeals), his very flesh reflects a pale stain of trepidation and doubt.

CJ is a gambler. He likes to bet on sporting events, almost any kind, and the dark crawling horror of Total Loss Weekend is never very distant. Misgivings and dread. Panic, remorse and deep trauma. A fumbled punt in Knoxville, a missed sign in Oakland, foul trouble in Baltimore, a slow track at Monticello. That is Total Loss Weekend, when it all comes apart at once, and the fragments of many such weekends are standard parts of CJ's life.

The living room is long and narrow. At the far end are the televisions. The larger one is a color set assembled by CJ himself over a period of some five weeks, with parts and materials ordered from a manufacturer in the Midwest. The smaller one is a black-and-white portable that sits on the floor. CJ and I are cousins and as we take our respective places in front of the TV sets we exchange views on disease, poverty and madness in our family. We stick to recent developments and keep it brief. CJ sits in a swivel chair that has been covered in plastic ever since he purchased it. I sit a few feet away on a sofa also equipped with a plastic slipcover and for this reason suggestive of a giant slug deep in slumber. This is appropriate because the humans in the room are also about to enter a kind of sleep. The color set is tuned to the Pirates-Reds in game one of the playoff series, and the smaller model to pre-

game films of Notre Dame and Michigan State in action against other teams.

The blinds are down. CJ puts on a pair of dark glasses. Then he reaches behind the swivel chair for a portable radio, which he places on his lap. He tunes to Columbia-Princeton and the weekend begins.

GAME TIME I

"Hi, sports fans, it's Saturday, Oct. 7th and this is Chuck White with Bud Brown alongside me bringing you a daylong sports cavalcade of misery, paranoia, bitterness and defeat."

Sound from these three sources, I learn, deepens the feeling of submersion. TV, radio, TV. It is as though we are listening to tapes of the electrical discharges of some rare species of fish. But CJ needs plenty of action today. He spent the previous evening at Yonkers Raceway and was shut out, dropping nearly \$200. One way or another, today's action will obliterate all those miscarried Exacts.

An outfielder pauses under a fly ball as a voice says: "Here are the Spartans of Michigan State." And it's true, they're coming out of the runway, the Spartans of Michigan State, black and white for the moment, none of them aware that the game they are about to play is only part of the true contest, the interior contest, the struggle that takes place within and beyond the limits of the point spread.

CJ is getting 15½ points with Michigan State and he has them 20 times. He also has the Reds 20 times (One "time" equals \$5.) As we discuss his other bets for the day, he suddenly switches stations (radio) from Columbia-Princeton (he has Columbia, minus eight points, 20 times) to a simulated broadcast (delayed) of the first race at Belmont (he has \$20 on numbers 8-3 in the double), and we listen to the announcer calling the race as if it were taking place now instead of half an hour ago, a practice not meant to fool anyone but designed merely to give betters a measure of action, and I see the idea justify itself when CJ bounces slightly in the chair as his selection, 12-zero, the 8-horse (OTB letter H), finishes first. He will remain in his chair for most of the weekend. But he is engaged in action. He has action. The action is his.

CJ switches to football on the color set, baseball on the smaller one. The auxiliary set isn't working well and a note of cubism is introduced into the baseball game. It is hard to tell whether a particular figure represents one or two players. An infielder's upper torso is situated at a 45-degree angle to the rest of his body. On the radio we have been away from Belmont Park and back to football for fully 10 minutes, but we are only now becoming aware that we are listening to Army-Lehigh instead of Columbia-Princeton. CJ has no action on Army-Lehigh. He does have action on five college games in addition to Columbia-Princeton and Notre Dame-Michigan State, and throughout the afternoon, the evening and much of the night he will spin the radio dial repeatedly between WINS (scores every half hour) and WCBS (scores 12 minutes after the hour and 12 minutes after the half hour). He will curse the announcers for their stupidity, their cheerfulness, the commercials they must read and the public service messages they are inclined to give—messages about puppet



shows at Gimbels or talks sponsored by the Young Lawyers' Committee of the New York County Association—always when CJ is waiting for a crucial score. It is in these ways that bureaucracy crushes the dreamer.

The Reds trail 5-1. Michigan State trails 6-0 but seems to be doing things right as the second quarter progresses. With perfect timing CJ switches (radio) from Columbia-Princeton (no score) to the re-creation of the second race at Belmont. With 70 yards to go a horse named Siberian Native threatens to take the lead from CJ's selection, Early Judgement, but the 3-horse holds on to win by a head, and CJ has his double—a sign, an omen, an early-warning signal. He clenches his fist, nods his head firmly and then gets up and switches to baseball on the color set, football on the black and white. "I gamble because when I don't gamble I feel sick," he says.

What does CJ have in his pockets?

1) Tiny pieces of paper.

His selections for the day are written on these mangled scraps. The teams, horses, odds, point spreads and sums wagered are all recorded, very lightly, tentatively, in pencil. It is as though he wants it all to disappear before the weekend is over.

2) A form letter from his finance company.

"As a valued 'Paid-in-Full' customer with a splendid payment record, you are listed on our records as a Gold Star account. This means, of course, that your credit is 'Triple-A'—and you can get up to \$— more money right now."



Handwritten neatly in the blank space is the figure 800.

3) An OTB telephone account card.

With this card CJ is able to call the Off-Track Betting Corp., give his code name, find out how much he has in his account and then place a bet—all in the same telephone call. However, he has nothing in his account. The \$250 he deposited originally was gone after two phone calls, and now there are zero dollars left. CJ knows this and OTB knows it, too.

4) A box score torn out of a newspaper.

We dissolve to summertime. Picture it. CJ has the Cubs 40 times. They are playing at night in San Diego. He sits in the swivel chair with his radio and waits for scores from the Coast. In the top of the fourth the Cubs take a 2-0 lead. Nothing for a long time but news, commercials, scores of other games. CJ cannot even relax with a cigarette because he stopped smoking in 1970 on the night the Celtics led the Royals by 11 points with a minute to go. But now San Diego scores twice in the seventh inning to tie it. CJ decides to stick it out because he knows the score will not make the morning papers and he will have to wait until early afternoon, and he's got the Cubs 40 times, and it's nearly one in the morning and he can't have a cigarette. He dials from WCBs to WINS and back, hoping the announcers on duty will realize the Cubs-Padres game is not just another negligible event played before a few thousand people and of interest to absolutely no one in the whole world, hoping they'll realize that someone out there is really listening, someone is interested, some-

continued







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one really cares what they say, these affable babbling fools whose voices circulate through the mortal sadness of Yonkers. Then he hears it. The Cubs score three in the ninth and he is ahead 5-2 with only three outs left, and the Padres are one of the worst teams in baseball. But why does it take so long for the final score to come in? Why does he have to keep switching the dial to get word of those three final outs? If the Padres are one of the worst if not the worst, why is he seized by Transylvanian dread? Because it is a busy bottom of the ninth, that's why. Because the Padres get men on base. Because the Cubs have to change pitchers. Because God makes it happen, a four-run ninth, a 6-5 final score, officially reported at 2:09 a.m., and the next day CJ rips the box score out of the newspaper and vows to save it as a reminder of death, hatred, plague and all those bloodsucking ills which keep people up after their bedtime. He saves this piece of paper that reads "two out when winning run scored." He carries it everywhere because this event, in its way, is even more notable than the time he had the Vikings as part of a \$90 round robin, and the two other games were over and won, and the Vikings were sailing along against the 49ers when somebody fumbled and Jim Marshall of the Vikings picked up the ball and ran the wrong way, and even though the Vikings won the game they didn't beat the spread because Jim Marshall ran the wrong way with a

recovered fumble, the wrong way, he ran the wrong way. But that wasn't as bad as this. CJ had waited for this victory. He had sat up and turned the radio dial through half the night. He had participated in that ball game being played 2,500 miles away and he had it won, he had it in his hands, he felt it in his fingers as he changed stations, the Cubs 40 times, the tough gritty Cubs, veteran ball club, and that's why it was worse than Jim Marshall, worse than all the near misses on Exactas and Superfectas, worse than the night he stopped smoking, with the Celtics ahead by seven points and only four seconds left in the game. He saves the box score so he can look at it and hate it.

5) A football betting ticket.

Almost everybody has seen one of these. Pick four teams and get 10-to-1 odds. CJ lets nothing go by.

6) A tout sheet.

This is a piece of paper that CJ has been carrying around for months. Under the heading "Turf Analyst," there is a name and phone number. Beneath these the full text reads: "Please telephone me this Friday, June 30th after 10 a.m. regarding a sensational piece of information."

We are sitting in the midst of static. The room is dim. CJ takes off his sunglasses, rubs his eyes and then replaces the glasses. The Reds have lost. This is bad. With 5:23 left

continued

V-8 makes the Bloody Merrier!

You've never tasted a Bloody Mary made with V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice before?

Then you've never tasted a Bloody Merrier!

"V-8" has the taste that bolsters your spirits like no tomato juice ever could.

Just take ice, 4 jiggers of "V-8" (6 oz.), one jigger of your old standby... and you've got it made.

But remember...
if it doesn't have "V-8",
it's not a Bloody Merrier!



V-8 is a trademark of Campbell Soup Company

SPECIAL OFFER: To obtain your own set of four Bloody Merrier glasses, send \$2.95 (check or money order), plus 2 V-8 labels (only good in: Glenside, Box 1370, Maple Plain, Minnesota 55329). Offer expires April 30, 1973. Allow 4 weeks for handling. Offer good only in U.S.A. Subject to state and local regulations. Void if taxed, restricted or forbidden by law.

IS YOUR WATCH PULLING A FAST ONE ON YOU?



According to your watch
you're about to miss your train.

So you skip breakfast, jump in
the car, get a \$15 ticket speeding
to the station and what do you
find?

Your watch lied.

There's plenty of time before
your train.

Now if you had an Accutron
watch, things would be different.

It doesn't have a mainspring
or a balance wheel that can make
ordinary watches fast or slow.

It has a tuning fork move-
ment that's guaranteed honest to
within a minute a month.*

So if it said you were about to
miss your train, you'd skip
breakfast, jump in the car, get a
\$15 ticket speeding to the station
and what would you find?

Your Accutron watch didn't lie.

Your train just pulled out.

ACCUTRON[®] BY BULOVA

The truth-loving tuning fork watch.

Shown: Accutron Link and Fly. *See Black markers on black and white dial. Accutron wrist link fly watch fold over buckle. There room instantly. \$195. Ask your dealer to show you the many other models up to \$1,000.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to the reference, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer within 30 days, purchased within one year from date of purchase.

Our goal: No unhappy owners.

**“We’ll fix it right
the first time
or we’ll fix it free
the second time.”**

**6,283 Ford and
Lincoln-Mercury dealers
guarantee it.**

We listen. And because we do we know that nothing makes owners unhappier than service work that isn't done right. So Ford Motor Company and 6,783 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers have set out to solve that problem.

A service quality guarantee. Every one of these Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers is now guaranteeing all his service work for 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first.

If his repair or replacement fails in normal service within that period, it will be fixed free of charge. Parts and labor.

And that service quality guarantee is in addition to the protection provided by the new-car and light-truck warranty.

The service quality guarantee—one way to help us meet our goal: No unhappy owners. Here are some others:

A report card. Attached to your service bill, you'll find a service report card. Take it home, and grade the service job you got. Then send it back. It goes right to the dealer himself. It's his way of finding out what he's doing right. And what needs to be improved.

And if you'd like the dealer to contact you, there's a box you can check for that, too.

**If we did something wrong,
tell us.
If we did the job right,
tell us.**

NAME	DATE	TIME
1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12
13	14	15
16	17	18
19	20	21
22	23	24
25	26	27
28	29	30
31	32	33
34	35	36
37	38	39
40	41	42
43	44	45
46	47	48
49	50	51
52	53	54
55	56	57
58	59	60
61	62	63
64	65	66
67	68	69
70	71	72
73	74	75
76	77	78
79	80	81
82	83	84
85	86	87
88	89	90
91	92	93
94	95	96
97	98	99
100	101	102

No unhappy owners.

**We guarantee
our service
work for
90 days or
4000 miles,
whichever
comes first.**

If our repair or replacement fails in normal service during that period, we'll fix it free of charge. Parts and labor.



The man who did the work will sign the job. It isn't just the

people in the front office who are committed to the goal of no unhappy owners. The service people who do the work are, too. So from now on, when you pick up your car, you'll find a card personally signed by the man who did the work.

An extra incentive for him. An extra assurance for you.

So if you have a problem—see your dealer. Most problems should end right there. If your problem is covered by the new-car warranty, it will be fixed free. If not, you will foot the bill. But in either case you'll get a first-rate job.

We know that occasionally a problem can't be solved at the dealership.



Then you or the dealer should get in touch with the Ford Customer Service Division.

FOR THE ADDRESS OF THE FORD CUSTOMER SERVICE DIVISION OFFICE NEAREST YOU CALL TOLL FREE 800-648-4848 IN NEVADA 1-800-992-5771

Write them and describe your problem. A Ford Customer Service representative will contact you quickly. And he'll work with you and the dealer to try to straighten things out.

Our goal: No unhappy owners. We doubt if we will be able to satisfy 100% of our owners, 100% of the time. But we'll keep trying.

If you own a Ford, Mercury or Lincoln, it's something to think about.

And if you don't, it's really something to think about.

If you want information about our cars or trucks, or if you want to know where we stand on safety, emissions, quality control—anything—Write:

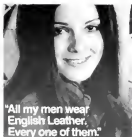
Ford Motor Company Listens
Box 1973
The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Let us know what's on your mind. We listen better. And we'd like to prove it to you.

**Our goal:
No unhappy owners.**



**...has a better idea
(we listen better)**



"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."



"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."



ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, \$3.50



"All my men wear English Leather. Every one of them."

A PRODUCT OF NEW COMPANY, NORTHVALE, N.J. © 1971

WEEKEND (continued)

in the game, Michigan State still trails 6-0. This is good, almost excellent. On the black-and-white set we see a drum-and-bugle corps in Oakland, prelude to the Tigers-A's playoff game.

I notice that scores given on radio and scores given on TV do not always match. Sometimes the talk is glibberish. An announcer says a football player is 6'4" and 250 years old. I hear rain falling. Columbia-Princeton ended 0-0, and the radio is now used exclusively to harvest scores. We hear from the Appalachians, the Ozarks, the Mississippi Delta. In the Rockies they are nearing the end of the first half. Here it is all over, the land in shadows, but in California there is sunlight everywhere, captive happiness and soft beginnings, a flurry of first-period scores. The radio is an instrument of geography. Beyond the numbers it gives, there is a sense of prairie mystery.

Noire Dame tries a field goal. It looks wide but the official raises his arms. CJ responds with a trenchantly obscure remark. We both know what that field goal means. First, it means the score is now 9-0. Second, it means the Spartans of Michigan State had better hold on to the football because there are still a few minutes left in the game and CJ is getting 15½ points, and if the Fighting Irish score another touchdown and kick the all-important extra point, they will have exactly 16 points. We both know it will happen. It is destined to happen. God will make it happen.

On the smaller set the Tigers and A's are lined up for the national anthem. The A's are wearing their chorus boy uniforms, and practically all of them have mustaches that seem to have been penciled on by not very well-coordinated children. (Michigan State fails to hold onto the football.) Although everyone on the ball park in Oakland has been invited to join in the singing of the national anthem, nobody on the A's is singing, nobody on the Tigers is singing, the umpires are not singing, and a stray groundkeeper looks sluggish as glow baseball and basketball players never sing. Hockey players don't sing either. Prizefighters don't sing. Football players sing.

"I'm dead," CJ says.

He is dead because with 41 seconds left the Fighting Irish have reached the six-yard line. They lose two on a sweep and it is fourth and goal at the eight.

continued

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- PERFORMANCE
- BEAUTY



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PORTABLE MICROWAVE RANGE
the ONLY portable
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1) gallon jugs \$7.00 each
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3) quart jugs \$4.00 each

Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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and if there are any lingering doubts about whether or not betting on college football is a form of Armenian water torture, they are quickly dispelled when Notre Dame calls time out. Ahead by nine points. Seconds left in the game. They call time out. Who is aiming this sorrowful arrow at CJ's heart? Who is behind this waning event? Whims are supposed to be things flitting suddenly to mind, but this one has been engineered by a deterministic intelligence. The fourth-down play now unfolding represents the concentrated essence of betting on sports. Of course they go for the touchdown. Of course they score. Of course they kick the all-important extra point. Unless you believe in truth, beauty and sportsmanship, the *innocent game* is the only one that matters.

Baseball takes over on the color set. On the auxiliary set we watch cars smashing into each other. What does this mean? An announcer uses the phrase "demo- lition derby." Then we see a fat cow- boy running toward a herd of cows. It seems to make no sense. The announcer calls this "wild cow milking."

CJ is dead in East Lansing. He is dead and buried in Pittsburgh. He is long dead in New York. He is dying a slow death in Oakland. Before the night is over he will have died in Kentucky, in Mississippi and in Oklahoma. Through the radio he breathes the air of our mysterious and lonely continent.

What did CJ discover 10 years ago?

Ten years ago, CJ discovers a way to prolong the glorious agony of checking results in the newspaper.

With a matchbook, paper napkin or the human hand, he covers the results in question and then slowly moves the shielding device across the page, oh so gradually disclosing the outcome. For football or basketball he moves the matchbook across the line score from quarter to quarter until there is nothing left but victory or defeat. Baseball takes longer, inning to inning, time pinning movements to the final score. Race results are best because as you move vertically up the list of finishers without exposing the name of your own selection, the odds that you've got a winner begin to grow increasingly favorable. Once you get to the show horse, the sense of action is almost dizzying.

Some of CJ's greatest moments in gambling have occurred as he sipped

his morning coffee and oh so slowly moved a matchbook across an inch of small print. At times he has stopped just short of the final result in order to savor this moment of action, to draw it out of real time into some secret hour- glass of gambler's sand. He walks around the room; he stands at the window for a while; he returns to the table and drinks all but one swallow of his coffee; he sits for a few more minutes and then, slowly and lovingly and with a feeling of total happiness and despair, he moves the matchbook one more notch and brings this splendid scrap of action to its end. After this there is nothing to do but finish off the coffee and go to work.

On Saturday evening CJ calls in his bets for the next day. To the bookmaker's multiple answering service he says: "I want Pickwick Realty." Since he is calling from home, he merely leaves his first name. If he had been phoning from another number, he would give the last three digits of that number in reverse. While we wait for the bookie to return the call, CJ tells me that one day a few years ago he phoned, confirmed the point spreads, placed his bets and then said: "So long, Bernie."

"Don't call me Bernie anymore," the bookie said. "I'm now on call me Sherm."

CJ ends the day by watching NHL highlights, a half hour of the Rangers-Red Wings, and then a movie called *Motown* with Gregory Peck. He has no action on either of these.

GAME TIME 2

In which it becomes ever so obvious that this, indeed, is Total Loss Weekend, despite the powerful warning of a faintly expected guest wearing imaginary shoulder pads.

On Sunday the auxiliary set fails to work—no picture or sound. We watch yesterday's college highlights on the color set. This is a warmup for the Browns-Chiefs game. The radio is tuned to the Giants-Saints.

CJ does not talk about Saturday's losses. Past action is voided matter, to be discussed only when it includes elements of the fabulous or legendary, and even then only after a suitable amount of time has passed.

The gambler's life is a rhythmic tale of numbers, premonitions, symbols and

continued



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... add to your pleasure with exciting new accessories



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New deluxe seat, built with color-coated built-in pressure gauge **\$9.95***



Duffel bag featuring bag with two color pockets each 8 x 2 1/2, 16 x 8 deep. Duffel size 12 x 2 x 7 1/2. **\$12.95**



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Protect your knee! Case hardened and tempered chrome. Comfortable lock with hardened shackle for added protection **\$9.49***



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WEEKEND *entertainment*

dreams. He worships magic, and is magic's willing victim. He wins and loses in seasons. But within all these cycles and prismatic mysteries, he must fight to maintain a fingerhold on ordinary reality. In the past, when CJ gambled much more heavily than he does now, when it was getting away from him and threatening to lead to a form of nondrinker's delirium tremens, when he was afraid of seeing pseudocyclists come flying out of his TV set—yes, in these days of super-saturation and bad acid magic, it finally came to him that he was traveling beyond action and into the realms of the unreal. He came out of it like a diver surviving a rapture of the deep, and since then he has lived in a state of carefully controlled enchantment.

Behind his dark glasses he scans Municipal Stadium in Cleveland. He has the Browns plus 7. In New York he has the Saints plus 10½. He has action on six other pro games (all 20 times) and the Bears and 49ers in a \$60 parlay. In baseball he has the Reds and Tigers.

The Saints fumble on radio and the Browns fumble on TV. As time passes CJ becomes so repelled by the Saints that he switches to the Jets-Dolphins, even though he has no action on this game—an almost unprecedented move. A bit of stray sunlight forms a bright swath on the TV screen and CJ puts a piece of cardboard under the hands to reinforce the dimness. But the Browns are not worth looking at this day. They are playing bouncy-ball all over the field and it is becoming clear that CJ's weekend will have few redeeming features.

No hope remains in the games being broadcast, so he is reduced to waiting for scores of other games. Radio scores seem to predate TV scores and we concentrate on the latter, tracing the course of distant games by trying to digest the numbers that pulse on the screen for a second or two before vanishing. This is never very pleasurable, and compared with CJ's classical discovery of missing a matchbook across a line score, the electronic method is too fleeting. The scores are gone before the mind can interpret them. Did we really see what we thought we saw? How can the Cards be leading the Vikings late in the second quarter? *Pulse*. Look at the Redskins... scoreless at the half. *Pulse pulse pulse*. Scores from Atlanta, scores from Baltimore, scores from Green Bay. We find ourselves pointing at the screen every time a score

by Thomas M.

We built Ford Pinto to follow in the steps of the rugged old Model T.



Back in 1911, publicity stunts were the fashion in the car business.

Like coaxing a Model T up the steps of the State Capitol in Nashville, Tenn., to impress people with its ruggedness.

But now it's sixty years later. And even though we want you to be just as impressed with Pinto's ruggedness—we figure we'd better give you some facts and figures. Not stunts.



The Pinto engine. (Above.) Rugged and reliable. Improved and perfected in more than 10 years of driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world. Easy on gas, simple to maintain.

The Pinto transmission. A floor-mounted 4-speed fully synchronized transmission is designed to be "lubed for life". All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.



The Pinto body. Unitized into one piece of welded steel, with steel guard rails in the door, steel reinforcements in the roof. And a surprising amount of room inside.



Extra-strength parts. Many Pinto components could be used in much bigger cars: the ball joints in the front suspension (below), the universal joint, starter motor, rear wheel bearings.



We built Ford Pinto to be a rugged, durable, basic car—a car that could follow in the footsteps of the legendary Model T.

See all the 1973 Pintos at your Ford Dealer's: 2-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popular Pinto Wagon.

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Shown here is a 1973 Pinto sedan with optional whitewall tires, accent and deluxe bumper groups.

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"It's a good time for spiritual rejuvenation," Ken says. "We're always home Friday nights and of course spend the Sabbath together."

Ken has also worked diligently for his community. He helped establish the Torah Academy High School for girls. He was president the first four years and still remains active in its affairs.

He is now raising funds for the St. Louis Rabbinical College where he is a member of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Spetner has done well in insurance, too.

A Chartered Life Underwriter, he has made the Million Dollar Round Table every year since 1953.

He consistently ranks among the top 100 of Occidental Life's 4,200 agents.

In 1971 he won the National Sales Achievement Award. That same year he received Occidental's Field Superintendent's Award as the company's top representative in Missouri.

Ken Spetner believes a man can do whatever he really wants to do. All he needs is a good reason for doing it.

If you'd like to become an Occidental agent, write to Bill Steward at the address provided on the opposite page.

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of California



WEEKEND

materializes. This enables us to pin the score, remember it, interpret it, hate it and fear it. CJ needs two touchdowns in Minnesota. He needs a touchdown and a field goal in Green Bay. He needs divine intervention in Washington. *Pulse pulse.* He has fallen behind in Cincinnati. He is virtually dead in Minnesota. He is coming back to life in Atlanta and Baltimore, but it is all too sudden, happening too fast, final scores beginning to flood the screen, and now we are confronted by the man at Network Control who manipulates a revolving scoreboard, and CJ is trying to read around corners, *pulse pulse*, mugged in Washington, slashed in New York, drawn and quartered in Cleveland, his heartbeat suddenly gradually carbonating, his heartbeat interrupted by each new score, *pulse pulse pulse pulse pulse*.

In baseball the Reds (untelevised) have held on to win, and we now prepare to go back and forth between Tigers-A's and Rams-49ers. CJ is stretched out on the rug in front of the color set. He is still unshaven, his glasses off, right arm over his eyes, stale air clinging to his rumpled body. As the Rams begin their destruction of the 49ers, an almost unimaginable thing happens. The doorbell rings. We have been so insulated in our flotation capsule that very little sense of an alternate environment has managed to penetrate. CJ goes to the door and opens it. In walks Kool, his younger brother, fresh from the Jersey swamps. It is the first time I've seen him since the right side of his face totally collapsed following a Sammy-Redskins game in 1971.

How does CJ respond to news from the real world?

When CJ reads or hears about an unusual event, such as two ships colliding in mid-ocean with great loss of life, or a Latvian brother and sister separated during World War I who learn they have been living on the same street in Bridgeport for the past 47 years, he usually says: "What's the odds on something like that?"

What does CJ fear most in this life and in the life to come?

CJ fears the weather most. He remembers waking up on the morning of Dec. 31, 1967 and turning on the radio and hearing a voice that sounded like the judgment of God (him again). The voice

continued

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USO gets no government funds. It depends entirely on your gifts to the United Fund, Community Chest or local USO campaign.

So please give.

Our work isn't done.



WEEKEND continued

said: "It is 13° below zero in Green Bay, Wis., site of today's NFL title game." Bad weather usually favors the underdog because it tends to neutralize superior strength, to atomize and equalize. CJ has the Packers 100 times and he is giving seven points and God has made the temperature drop to 13° below. The Packers win in the last few seconds but they fail to beat the spread.

CJ tries to use the weather like a tribal conjurer. One day the radio reports tornadoes in Kansas. It is Saturday evening and CJ tries desperately to find a college football game being played in Kansas that night. Finally he comes up with two small, small colleges—names he no longer remembers. He wants the points. He's dying to take the points. He will sit by the radio, all night if necessary, to wait for the final score of what is bound to be a windswept and topographical game. He feels sure the underdog will come through for him because he knows, he has always known, it has been basic knowledge for many years that bad weather favors the underdog because it is a neutralizer of ability, experience and talent, an atomizer and equalizer, and he is ready to wire his mind into the desolate roar of Kansas, for a full night if need be. But his bookmaker, Bernie Sherm, has no line on the game in question because the two schools are exceedingly tiny, obscure and pathetic, assuming they exist at all.

Hasn't CJ stop smoking?

The year is 1970. CJ has the Boston Celtics 40 times against the Cincinnati Royals. He is giving 35½ points. With a minute left in the game, he leads by 11. With four seconds left, he leads by seven. He has possession of the basketball. The ball is his. Suddenly he loses the ball. The ball is lost. The other team has the ball. A man on the other team heaves a wild shot from a crazy angle. The ball falls in the basket as the buzzer sounds. *Bezzz!* CJ gets up, opens a cabinet, takes out a carton of cigarettes and in a morosely romantic and life-enhancing gesture he quietly strangles the carton before throwing it away.

"Something good had to come out of that game," he says.

kool greets CJ by butting pads with him. He throws a shoulder, backs off, lunges again. Three times he does this, deadpan. It means they are together in

continued



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WEEKEND

this thing, and it is a manly thing, and they are not unlike the players themselves, fond of mock punting, doing work heroic enough to require ritual, and it is good luck besides.

Kool has made three bets. All look bad at the moment. Through the years he has been so consistently wrong that CJ often uses him as a guide, betting against the teams his brother selects as winners. Kool lives in a remote part of New Jersey, where he walks the moors in a half-trance before making his betting selections for the week. This trek is meant to empty his mind, enabling him to pick up vibrations from NFL cities.

The brothers begin to ridicule each other's bets. CJ keeps dialing between baseball and football on the color set. Speaking of the weekend to come, or perhaps the one after that, he says something about law of averages, change of luck, help of God.

Kool tells me about the time he and CJ took the Redskins minus 14 against New Orleans. "We had them hug," he says. "We were so sure they would romp we called in a second bet just before kickoff. Everything goes pretty much like we figured up to the last few minutes. Then the Saints begin to move. They can't win the game. They're out of the game. But if they get a touchdown, we lose. And now they're moving down the field. We can't look. We're afraid to watch. First we turn off the sound. Then we go into the kitchen and take turns peeking out at the game. The Saints are definitely moving. They're running, they're throwing, they're full of life. The Redskins don't care. They got the game won. CJ and me, we start arguing about who picked the Redskins. Then we start laughing. We're afraid to look and we start laughing and coughing. The Saints call time out to conserve the clock. I can't stop coughing. I take a peek and the Saints are still moving, and I'm laughing and coughing and my eyes are full of tears."

Grown men, they began tickling one another, then throwing punches to the arm and chest. Neither would volunteer to go out, look at the game and report back. The tickling intensified and they tried to push each other out of the kitchen. Forced into the living room, unable to stop coughing and laughing, Kool finally looked at the set long enough to see one of the Saints standing in the

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WEEKEND

end zone with the football. The next day he woke up to find that his face had slid down on one side and gone completely numb. The right corner of his mouth hung open. His right eye was at a slant. His voice took on a faintly metallic tone and every time he spoke his mustache dipped far to the right but nothing else moved, making it seem as though some kind of mechanism had rusted in his head. The doctor said it was nothing more than a nervous condition brought on by anxiety, and in 10 days Kool was back to normal.

Everything is normal in Yonkers as well, fatigue and defeat in the air, and all that remains is to tick C3 him he feels at the end of a weekend like this.

"Tomorrow's Columbus Day," he says. "I'm going with the Reds 20 times and the Raiders 20 times."

The general feeling about gamblers is that they are characters—colorful, funny, gregarious. The ones I've known have been solitary men who had little to say about their gambling. Here is C3 sitting in a dark room wearing sunglasses, watching two TV sets and monitoring the progress of an obscure event by radio, an earplug strung into his head. At a certain point he becomes maudlin, originating in the most pessimistic minds of modern literature. But a hero of this mode. He transcends Yonkers. He is independent of the power of money. He is not afraid to venture in the spaces between the lines that set the logical boundaries of his life.

On the train that takes me back, I think of him five years ago when he was putting together his color-TV set, night after night for well over a month, working his way through a 187-page assembly manual, struggling with oscillator coils and dual selenium diodes.

"Insert the free end of the yoke through the large chassis cutout and insert the octal plug in the socket marked YOKI."

It was a monumental achievement, and all through these past two days, as I watched little figures of men running and leaping, I found it easy to imagine that they too were constructed by C3 with his own hands and in his own time.

On Monday evening he walks to Yonkers, where he stays long enough to lose the daily double and two Exactas. This done, he jogs home in time to catch all but the first six minutes of the Oilers-Raiders on TV.

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"Good." I say, still a little worried. "If I had to fuss with any gadgets I'd break something."

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You know, I think to myself, Dick's pretty smart for a football player.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BACKS IN MOTION

Sirs:

Tex Maule wrote a great article on a long-ignored subject, the running back (*Chronicle*, Dartsight, Nov. 13). But we all have our different views on rushing and the people who specialize in it. I would probably put Larry Brown in the lead role, instead of Floyd Little. Tex also left out a few of the great runners in the game, such as Leroy Kelly who may be having an off year but is certainly one of the premier backs in the league. On the quarterback side, Greg Landry was not mentioned. Others were Willie Wilson and two Jet backs, John Riggins and Emerson Hooter.

One last word. As the article eventually pointed out, a running back's work is never done.

GARY GUTHEIM

St. Augustine, Fla.

Sirs:

It was an excellent article, if you are a Denver Broncos fan. But I happen to like the Miami Dolphins. They have the best running attack in football.

Who has the explosiveness of Mercury Morris? (He isn't called Mercury for nothing.) Who has the power to throw defenders to the ground and keep on going? The only man I can think of is Larry Csonka. There are many men who can gain a few yards by going through a brick. But who can rip through the hole without letting the defense see him come through? I'd say Jim Knick fits the description.

Maybe Floyd Little did get more yards rushing than Csonka but who does Denver have to match Knick or Morris?

MARK HILTON

Morristown, Ind.

Sirs:

I can't believe that Tex Maule failed to mention Ron Johnson of the New York Giants. Ron has proved he is one of the NFL's premier runners by his outstanding comeback this season, after having missed the majority of the 1973 campaign due to thigh surgery and knee surgery. He is currently ranked third among the leading NFC runners and is well on his way to his second 1,000-yard rushing season. I think Ron Johnson is due recognition for his role in bringing the Giants back to respectability.

JOHN MARTIN

St. Bonaventure, N.Y.

Sirs:

Please inform Tex Maule that he was guilty of a tremendous oversight in not including

Kansas City's all-purpose back, Ed Podolak. For the past few seasons, Podolak has carried the Chiefs to victory whenever Len Dawson, Gus Taylor & Co. were rendered inefficient. And I dare any pro football fan to say to forget the Miami-Kansas City game on Christmas Day of last year, when Podolak did everything a football player can be expected to do with the exception of eating the goal posts (we'll leave that to men like Dick Butkus). Perhaps Mr. Everything has not accumulated the rushing yardage of Larry Brown or O. J. Simpson, but add his pass receiving, punt returns and kickoff returns to his rushing offense and you are confronted with one of the finest backs football has ever produced.

ALPHONSE N. GREGORIANI

Nutley, N.J.

ON THE LINE

Sirs:

Congratulations to George Plimpton for giving SI readers an insight into the high-pitched emotions of pro football (*Warrior on the Pros*, Nov. 13). The self-examination of a badly executed play and the constant striving for mental toughness were made evident by the use of the tapes. Alex Karras appears as a player who talked constantly to his opponent, trying to psych him out, while John Gundy talked less but waged a war inside himself.

JAMES KRADEL

Orono Park, N.Y.

NET LOSS

Sirs:

I happened to pick up a copy of your Nov. 6 issue at the newsstand and was pleasantly surprised to find an article not about the lordly salmon or the leviathan marlin but about the lowly and ever-popular striped bass (*SOB from a Seaside Slammer*).

I disagree with biologist John Clark that we must continue to keep striped bass available at the market. Personally, I see nothing wrong with setting aside one important recreational species for sportsmen alone. After all, I can't go down to my local butcher to buy deer, buffalo or quail, all of which I would surely like to have gracing my table at one time or another. Besides, except for the restaurant trade, I doubt that the average citizen would ever miss the striped bass were it declared a game fish. For that matter, I'd bet my best fishing plug that not one in 25 housewives knows what a striped bass is.

I also vehemently object to Clark's opinion that sportsmen ought to be licensed to sell stripers under a management program.

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CROSS
SINCE 1848

16TH HOLE *continued*

Anglers who sell their catch are nothing more than hook-and-line commercial fishermen and should not be identified with the sport.

ROBERT RANCE

Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

In reference to Robert H. Boyle's article, since when do commercial fishermen have the right to take over the public beaches, forcing "pinhookers" to go elsewhere? The fact that the striped bass is the glamour game fish of the Atlantic Coast should be enough to warrant some protection from the seiners of Long Island and North Carolina. As an avid striped fisherman, I have noticed the decline in action over the past few years. The bass population is dropping steadily. Leave the strippers alone!

R. J. BARTLETT

Wenonah, N.J.

HUSBANDS, WIVES AND THE GAME

Sirs:

Frank Deford's story *Keys to the Kingdom* (Oct. 30) is one of the most amusing and interesting football satires I have ever read, and I commend him on this satiric work.

Many women of America feel resentment as their husbands become glued to the TV sets. I find I am not in this position because I share my husband's interest in football. How many women have ever tried to learn what a screen pass or a blitz is? Maybe if some wives took time to learn about football, Saturdays, Sundays and Monday nights might not be so lonely. Many a man would appreciate a wife who could share in the excitement of a football game.

MRS. JOHN HENKARD

Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Sirs:

Frank Deford has captured Baltimore's love of the Colts in the late '50s and early to mid '60s. But I think a restudy of the feeling of the Colt fans and general Baltimore citizens of the '70s would indicate a considerable change in attitude not only toward owning season tickets but, more importantly, toward attending Colt games on Sundays and devoting the whole day to social activities surrounding the game.

In any event, it was another excellent article by Mr. Deford.

JAMES J. LACY

Baltimore

Sirs:

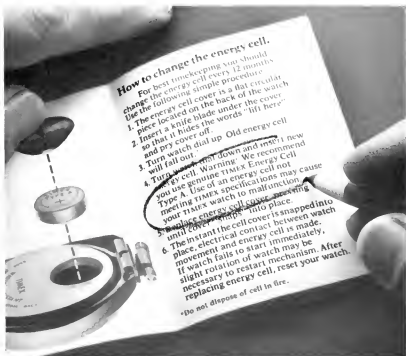
As a longtime, satisfied subscriber, I feel it is only fair to tell you that Frank Deford's story was a work of art. Funny, but oh, so true!

F. A. NIX

Daytona Beach, Fla.

continued

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Sir:

My husband should be voted Sportsman of the Year. Each year he attends 39 Flyer games, nine Eagle games (including pre-season games), 30 Phillie games and 20 74er games. Anyone who would travel 150 miles one round trip to see a bunch of leopards has to be a head kick of a sportsman.

BARBARA LUDFVICH

Reading, Pa.

AL CAPONE

Sir:

Timothy Sullivan and John Kohler deserve a round of applause for *Caddling for a Man Who Never Shot Fire* (Nov. 6). Sure, we all know of Al Capone the crook, now-famous murderer of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre, etc., but we never hear of the Capone who liked kids and helped out during the Depression. He was no angel, but maybe he was a nice devil.

SEIVE WISNERHALM

Brooklyn

Sir:

Timothy Sullivan's yarn about caddying for Al Capone brought back memories of the time I caddied for Machine Gun Jack McGurn for four days while he was a guest of a member of a suburban country club where I caddied for 10 years. Unaware of his true identity at first (he used his real, Italian name), I was quickly informed by the older boss and basked in his notoriety for the next few days. McGurn at that time was a mid-80s golfer and seemed rather soft-spoken.

Years later I recounted my experience to Ted Payson, then athletic director at Northwestern University and an outstanding golfer. Ted topped my story about McGurn by telling me of the time he was competing in the 1926 Tri-State Open in Indiana and reported to the officials a player he had noticed repeatedly improving his lie. The player, who had eyes of steel, later followed Ted into the locker room, from there into the shower, then down to the parking lot. Not a word was said. But a few days later a *Chicago Daily News* reporter told Ted just who that small Italian was.

Somehow, I was disappointed not to have found a tommy gun hidden in the golf bag.

DICK TRIVITT

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

Thank you so much for the enlightening article about one of my all-time sports heroes, the ever-popular Al Capone. Now that your magazine is humanizing and glorifying gangsters, how about an exciting in-depth feature on that lovable old German sportsman, Adolf Hitler?

ART MORAN

Cincinnati

Sir:

Al Capone a hero for our kids? You're sicker than we thought you were.

VICKY GIVENS

Gahanna, Ohio

Sir:

The article by Timothy Sullivan shows what a truly extraordinary man old Scarface was. But then I guess you can't judge a hood by his cover. Eliot Ness probably didn't know a golf club from a pistol. Thank you, SL, the article was "untouchable."

ANDY FROST

Winnepeg, Manitoba

HOOKLESS LURE

Sir:

In regard to Richard W. Johnston's recent article on the hookless lure (*For the Bait* Feb. 23), I feel it is in order as to certain of Captain George Parker's claims and allegations.

First, if Captain Parker discovered this lure in 1968, he was certainly not the inventor, as this device had been known to this organization for some years previous to that date. However, it did not become commonly used, because most anglers rejected it as a totally unsportsmanlike method. In fact, it was outlawed in virtually all of the stillfish tournaments on the east coast of Florida many years ago. Several recommendations were made to the IGFA that we should prohibit it. As a result, ballots were sent to our international representatives and to more than 600 member angling clubs throughout the world. The results were 98% in favor of prohibiting the device.

As to Captain Parker's statement that angling is playing the fish, not setting the hook, I dare say he would have difficulty in finding one experienced billfisherman in a thousand who would agree with him. Hooking the fish generally requires more skill and is one of the more exciting parts of the fight.

Captain Parker's statement that the IGFA is in business to protect old records made with bamboo rods and linen lines is so ridiculous that a rebuttal seems unnecessary. At no time have we resented any improvement that was compatible with true sportsmanship. In general, it is difficult to see how anyone could advocate a device for sport fishing that does not give the fish a chance. I feel this philosophy would apply to any sport.

WILLIAM K. CARPENTER
President
International Game Fish
Association

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

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